

BUDDY HOLLY: THE DAY THE MUSIC DIED

■ KIDNAPPED: FRANK SINATRA JR.

# Memories

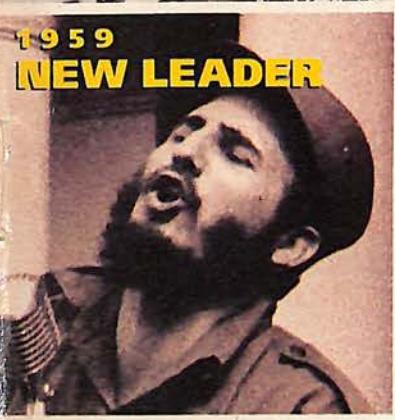
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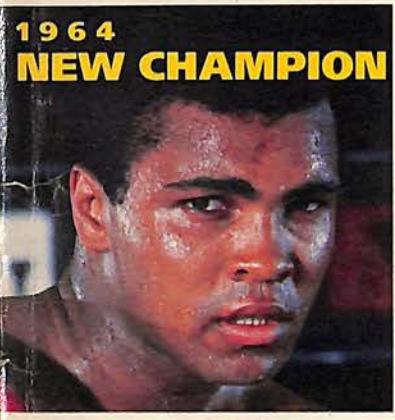
1949  
NEW STAR



1959  
NEW LEADER



1964  
NEW CHAMPION



1969  
NEW



1949

## NOTORIOUS!

Ingrid Bergman's  
Fall From Grace



62208  
DR 11  
FARVIEW HTS  
CLAIR ST 309  
SERWITKA JERRY  
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La-Z-Boy®



# Memories

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER ONE, FEB./MARCH 1989

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COVER: Ingrid Bergman by Pictorial Parade. Other photos, from top: Pictorial Parade; Burt Glimm/ Magnum; Ken Regan/Camera 5; UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos.

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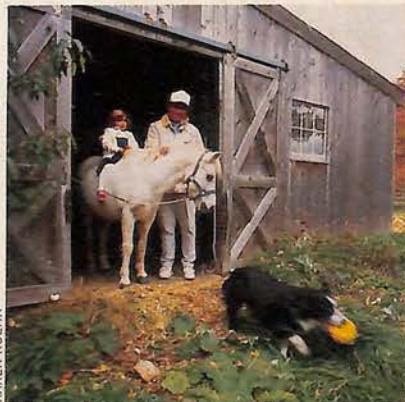
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## FROM THE EDITOR

# Writer in Residence

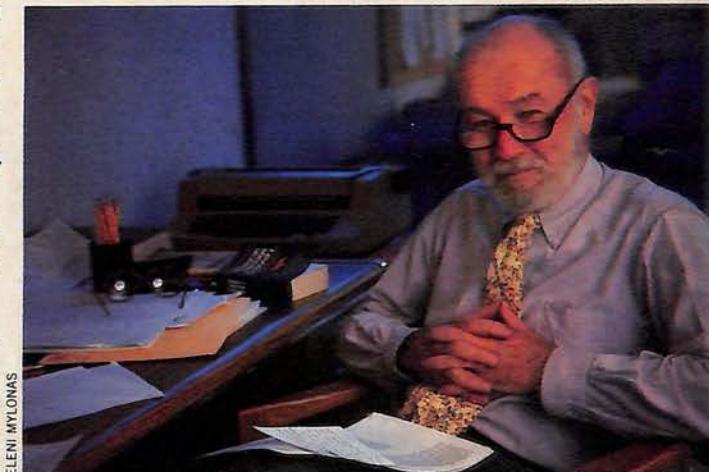
Charles Simmons, MEMORIES's Executive Editor, came to us after 30 years with *The New York Times Book Review*. He also came with four highly praised novels to his credit, the most recent of which—*The Belles Lettres Papers*—satirizes a well-known literary journal. Charles claims the journal is fictional, but we treat him with exaggerated respect just in case he may be taking surreptitious notes for his next book. Fortunately, we would be inclined to do so anyway, because Charles is also charming and knowledgeable. (In fact, his only recorded failing, at least on this watch, was to have pronounced the surname of legendary Baltimore Colt quarterback Johnny Unitas as if it rhymed with "puny toss.")

As befits a man of such impressive credentials, Charles has a distinct preference for high-minded stories (see page 84) over those involving sex and scandal (see page 46), which the rest of us here relish. I like to think the struggle between these interests works in favor of you, the reader.

In any case, Charles's contribution to our collective endeavor is beyond measure, whether it takes the form of inviting the best journalists to write for us, polishing their manuscripts or helping me plot the pace and form of an issue. He even comes up with a pretty good idea for a story every now and then.

One area in which Charles also shines goes beyond the many tasks that come under the heading of magazine editing. He happens to be a man of good taste and sound judgment. He is the person to whom we take a question—almost any question—that requires a reasoned, intelligent, correct answer.

Not only that, he has more memories than the rest of us. We're lucky to have him, and you are too.



Charles Simmons: Surreptitious notes?

Carey Winfrey



A touch of orange. A twist of spice. The perfect pick for twilight tea.

Lipton has 20 special teas.



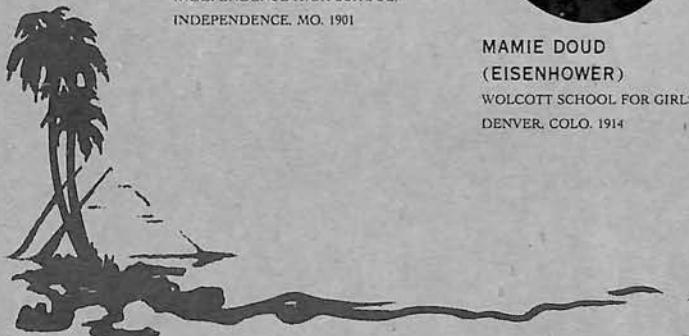
Experience one.

# George Washington

HARRY S. TRUMAN  
INDEPENDENCE HIGH SCHOOL  
INDEPENDENCE, MO. 1901



BESS WALLACE  
(TRUMAN)  
INDEPENDENCE HIGH SCHOOL  
INDEPENDENCE, MO. 1901



DWIGHT DAVID  
EISENHOWER  
ABILENE HIGH SCHOOL  
ABILENE, KAN. 1909  
Baseball, Football, Athletic  
Association Officer.



MAMIE DOUD  
(EISENHOWER)  
WOLCOTT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.  
DENVER, COLO. 1914

JOHN FITZGERALD  
KENNEDY  
CHOATE SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS.  
1935  
"Jack," "Ken"  
Age: 17. Height: 5 ft. 11 in.  
Weight: 155 lbs. Number of  
years in school: 4. 1931-32:  
League Football, League  
Basketball, League Baseball,  
1932-33: League Football,  
Second Basketball Squad,  
Blue Basketball Team, *Brief*  
Board. 1933-34: Junior  
Football Team, Second  
Basketball Squad, *Brief*  
Board. 1934-35: Business  
Manager of the *Brief*, Golf  
Squad. Harvard.



JACQUELINE BOUVIER  
(KENNEDY)  
MISS PORTER'S SCHOOL,  
FARMINGTON, CONN. 1947  
"Jackie"  
Favorite song: "Lime House  
Blues." Always saying: "Play  
a rhumba next." Most known  
for: Wit. Aversion: People  
who ask if her horse is still  
alive. Where found: Laughing  
with Tucky. Ambition: Not to  
be a housewife.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON  
JOHNSON CITY HIGH SCHOOL  
JOHNSON CITY, TEX. 1924  
Public Speaking, Debate,  
Baseball.



CLAUDIA (LADY BIRD)  
TAYLOR (JOHNSON)  
MARSHALL HIGH SCHOOL,  
MARSHALL, TEX. 1928  
May Fete Princess, 1928;  
graduated third in class.

RICHARD NIXON  
WHITTIER HIGH SCHOOL,  
WHITTIER, CALIF. 1930  
Fullerton High, 1, 2;  
Oratorical Contest 3, 4;  
Scholarship 1-4; Latin Club  
4; Manager Student Body 4;  
C. & W. Staff 4.



THELMA (PAT) RYAN  
(NIXON)  
EXCELSIOR UNION HIGH  
SCHOOL, NORWALK, CALIF. 1929  
Student Body Secretary,  
1929; Debate Team; Junior  
Class Play; Senior Class Play;  
Filibuster Club, 1928; Les  
Marionettes; Girls' League  
Cabinet, 1926. Pseudonym:  
Buddy. Intention: To run a  
boarding house. Liability:  
Her two brothers.  
Occupation: Watching Tom.  
Talent: Watching Bill.

# Vocational

## Most Likely to Succeed

**GERALD R. FORD**  
GRAND RAPIDS SOUTH HIGH  
SCHOOL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.  
1931



**BETTY BLOOMER (FORD)**  
GRAND RAPIDS CENTRAL HIGH  
SCHOOL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.  
1936



**ROSALYNN SMITH  
(CARTER)**  
PLAINS HIGH SCHOOL, PLAINS,  
GA. 1944  
(second from left)

**JAMES EARL CARTER**  
PLAINS HIGH SCHOOL, PLAINS,  
GA. 1941  
(front row, right)

**GEORGE WALKER BUSH**  
PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER,  
MASS. 1942

"Pop," "Poppy"  
Secretary, Student Council (1 term); President, Society of Inquiry (1941-42); Chairman, Student Deacons (1941-42); President, the Greeks (1940-42); Captain, Soccer (1941); Society of Inquiry (1940-42); Editorial Board, *The Phillipian* (1938-39); Business Board, POT POURRI (1940-42); Varsity Soccer (1939-41); J.V. Baseball (1939); Varsity Baseball (1941-42); Treasurer, Student Council (1 term); President, Senior Class (1 term); Student Council (1941-42); Senior Prom Committee; Advisory Board; Captain, Baseball (1942); Student Deacon (1940-42); All-Club Soccer (1938); Deputy Housemaster; Varsity Basketball (1941-42); Varsity Baseball (1940); Johns Hopkins Prize (1938).

**RONALD REAGAN**  
DIXON HIGH SCHOOL, DIXON,  
ILL. 1928  
"Dutch"  
Pres. N.S. Student Body 4;  
Pres. 2; Play 3, 4; Dram. Club 3, 4, Pres. 4; Fresh.-Soph. Drama Club 1, 2, Pres. 2; Football 3, 4; Annual Staff; Hi-Y 3, 4, Vice Pres. 4; Art. 1, 2; Lit. Contest 2; Track 2, 3.

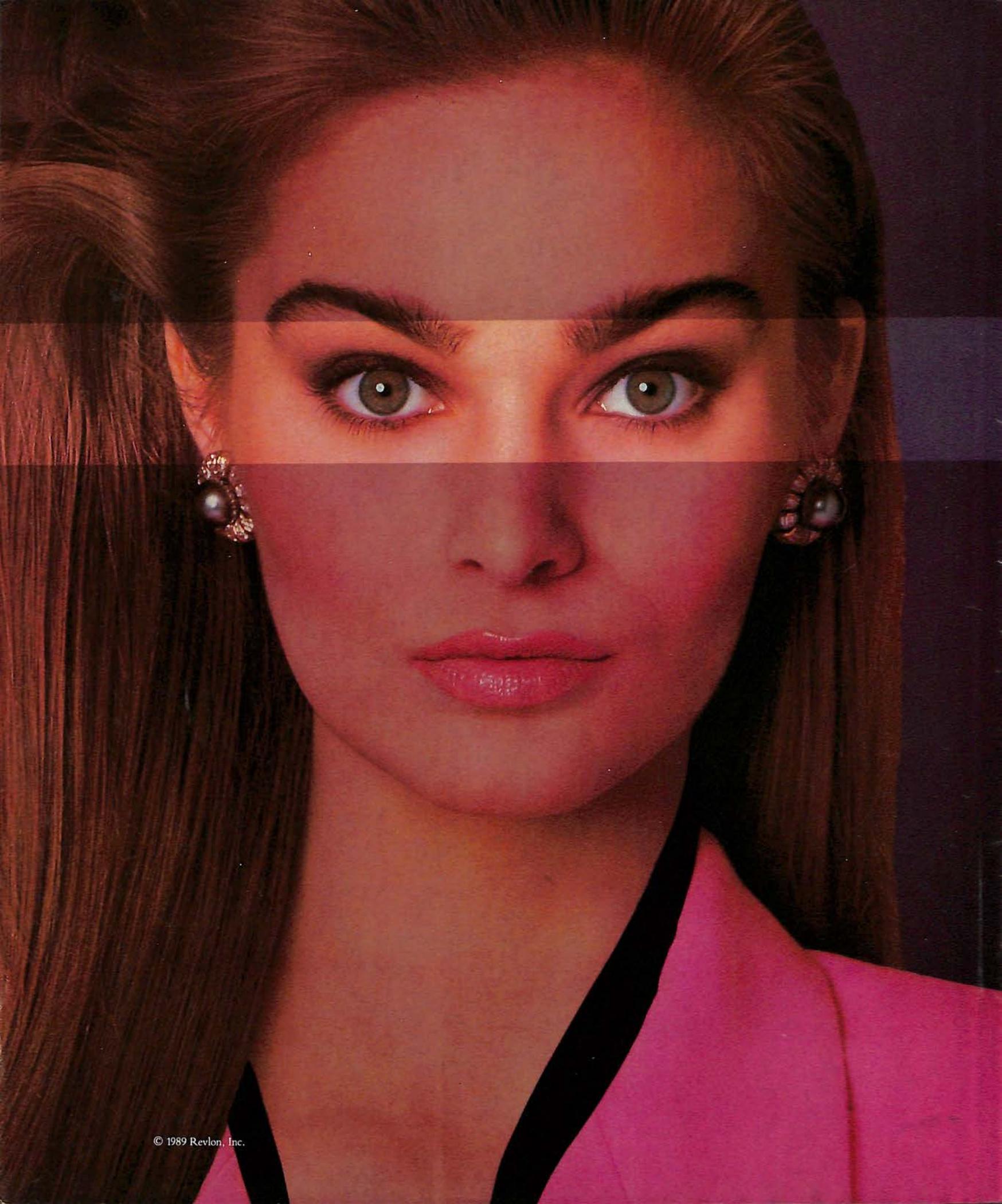


**NANCY DAVIS (REAGAN)**  
GIRLS' LATIN HIGH SCHOOL,  
CHICAGO, ILL. 1939

Nancy's social perfection is a constant source of amazement. . . . She can talk, and even better listen intelligently, to anyone. . . . The cast of "First Lady" has straggled in for rehearsal. . . . When the fatal night comes Nancy knows not only her own lines but everybody else's. . . .



**BARBARA PIERCE  
(BUSH)**  
ASHLEY HALL SCHOOL,  
CHARLESTON, S.C. 1945



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The clear, cool gel matrix reduces the appearance of puffiness. While Revlon's unique natural protein complex makes dark circles look lighter.

Dry lines are minimized. New lines meet with more resistance. The entire eye area is retexturized.

Which results in something rarely seen: visible change. Now isn't that something to look forward to?



# REVLON

# Jimmy Stewart

# A

# WONDERFUL

# LIFE

Captions by Tony Thomas



PHOTOFEST

Stewart (with Virginia Bruce) wasn't **BORN TO DANCE** (1936) or to sing, but Cole Porter was so charmed by the actor's croaking of "Easy to Love" that he asked M-G-M to use Stewart's voice on the soundtrack rather than dub in a professional singer's.



PHOTOFEST

Thanks to Frank Capra, **YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU** (1938) helped define Stewart's folksy image and established him as an appealingly awkward leading man. (From left: Stewart with Dub Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Mischa Auer and Jean Arthur.)



PHOTOFEST

Marlene Dietrich claims no other actor could have been as convincing as Stewart portraying the mild-mannered but determined sheriff who tames her feisty dance-hall character in **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN** (1939).



The role of a Budapest shop clerk in **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER** (1939) didn't come naturally to Stewart, but for director Ernst Lubitsch and actress Margaret Sullavan, who helped him get his start, Stewart says he would happily have played Moses. (Left to right: Sullavan, Frank Morgan, Sara Haden, Stewart, William Tracy.)



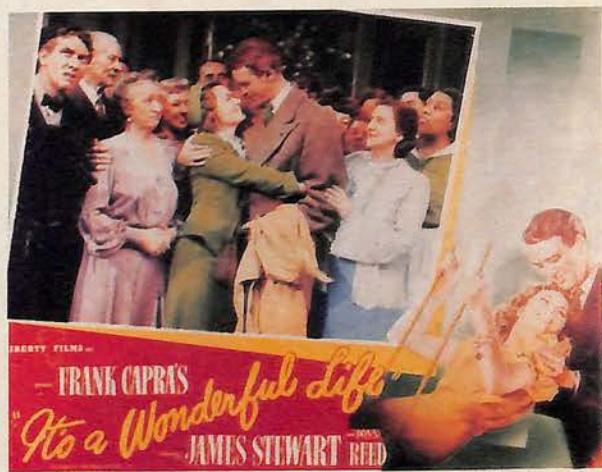
CULVER PICTURES

Katharine Hepburn, who held the film rights to **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY** (1940), was able to pick her leading men. She chose Cary Grant and Stewart, here relaxing off-camera. Stewart won an Oscar for his performance as the sensitive newspaper reporter Mike Connor.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

An idealist who filibusters for a good cause until he drops was a role Stewart was born to play, in **MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON** (1939).

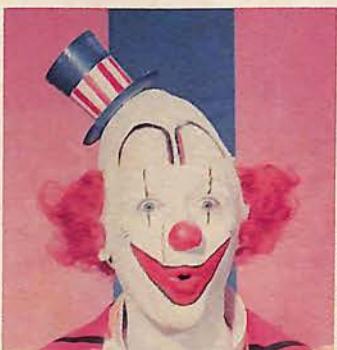


Now regarded as a classic, **IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE** (1946) met with only mild success when first released. But it got Stewart back into the picture business after the war, and the film remains his personal favorite.



After four years as a bomber pilot, Col. James Stewart, holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and the Croix de Guerre, stipulated in his postwar movie contracts that no reference be made in studio publicity to his wartime service.

CULVER PICTURES



KOBAL COLLECTION

Stewart took the part of a clown in **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH** (1952) even though it meant wearing heavy circus makeup throughout. He says he couldn't turn down the opportunity to have the great clown Emmett Kelly as his personal coach.



PHOTOFEST

For **ANATOMY OF A MURDER** (1959) Otto Preminger needed an actor who could play a likable man with a mind like a steel trap. Who else but Stewart? Lee Remick co-starred.



CULVER PICTURES

Though the trombone on the soundtrack of **THE GLENN MILLER STORY** (1954) was dubbed, Stewart handled the instrument so well he fooled many a pro. He says playing the accordion as a kid helped him.



PHOTOFEST

Taking second billing to John Wayne (right, with Lee Marvin) in **THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE** (1962) was no problem for Stewart, who remembers the Duke as "a very fine man."



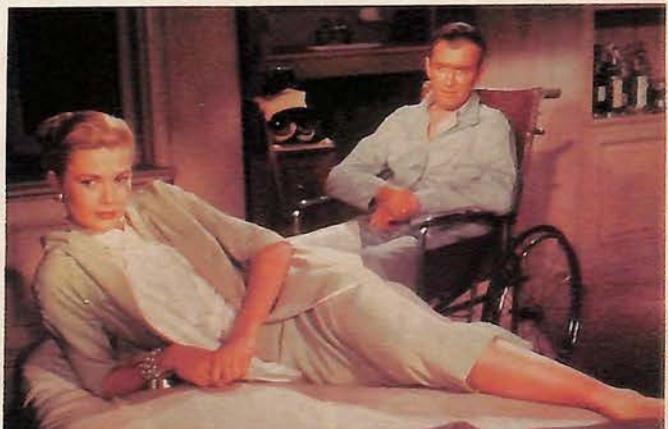
PHOTOFEST

When baseball hero Monty Stratton picked Stewart to play him in **THE STRATTON STORY** (1949), he hit a home run for the star's career. Winsome June Allyson played Mrs. Stratton.

The Wonderful Pulitzer Prize Play... becomes one of the Great Motion Pictures of our Time!

# harvey

Starring  
**JAMES STEWART**  
JOSEPHINE HULL CHARLES DRAKE CELIA KELLAWAY  
JESSE WHITE VICTORIA HORNE WALLACE FORD PEGGY DOW  
MARY CHASE HENRY FOSTER



KOBAL COLLECTION

**REAR WINDOW** (1954) made Stewart a true Hitchcock star; he admits he was captivated by Grace Kelly (above) during the filming. Stewart says he still squirms when watching his eerie performance in Hitchcock's thriller **VERTIGO** (1958), with Kim Novak (right).



# Binding Decisions

I'm out of the bathtub. I'm ready to get dressed for my date tonight, which is a blind date, serious business in this year of 1950 for any girl who's over 20 and still single. I'm 22. No matter how much money I may earn in my job, I'll never be allowed to have an apartment of my own; I'll never pay an electric bill or buy a bedspread or spend a night away from home without my parents—in fact, I'll never be a grown-up so long as I remain single.

How shall I dress? I want to look sexy enough to attract this unknown man, so that he'll call and ask me for another date next week. (Needless to say, I won't call him, even if my life depends on it.) On the other hand, I don't want to hide the fact that I'm what's known as a Nice Girl, addicted to Peter Pan collars and velvet hats and white gloves, which means that I'm good wife material, and also makes it clear that he'll get nothing more than a goodnight kiss from me tonight.

And so I dress carefully. Every single item that I put on not only is complicated in itself but carries an even more complicated message.

My girdle comes first. Here's the badge, the bind, the bondage of womanhood. Here's the itch of it. This is the garment that tells me I'm not a little girl anymore, who wears only underpants, but neither am I middle-aged like my mother, who wears a real corset with bones that dig into her diaphragm and leave cruel sores there. I can get away with either a panty girdle or a two-way stretch, both of which are made of Lastex with a panel of stiff satin over the abdomen. The basic difference is that a panty girdle, unlike a two-way stretch, covers the crotch, which was considered a shocking—indeed obscene—idea when first introduced. Victorian women were obliged to wear half a dozen petticoats at a time to be respectable, but never, never would they put on anything that slipped between their thighs, like a pair of pants.

But why should I be bothering with this sausage casing when I weigh a grand total of a hundred and two pounds?

By Joan Gould

I bother because being thin has nothing to do with it. A girdle is a symbolic garment, and unless I want to be regarded as a child or a slut I have to put it on. When I go out with girlfriends in the daytime I may choose to be more comfortable in only a garter belt, a device with four long, wiggly elastics that dangle down my thighs like hungry snakes lunging at my stockings. When I'm with a boy, however, it would be unthinkable—it would be downright indecent—to let him see my rear end jiggle or let him notice that it has two halves. (All males are called "boys," no matter what their age, so long as they're

single.) My backside is supposed to be molded in a rigid piece that divides into two legs, like a walking clothespin.

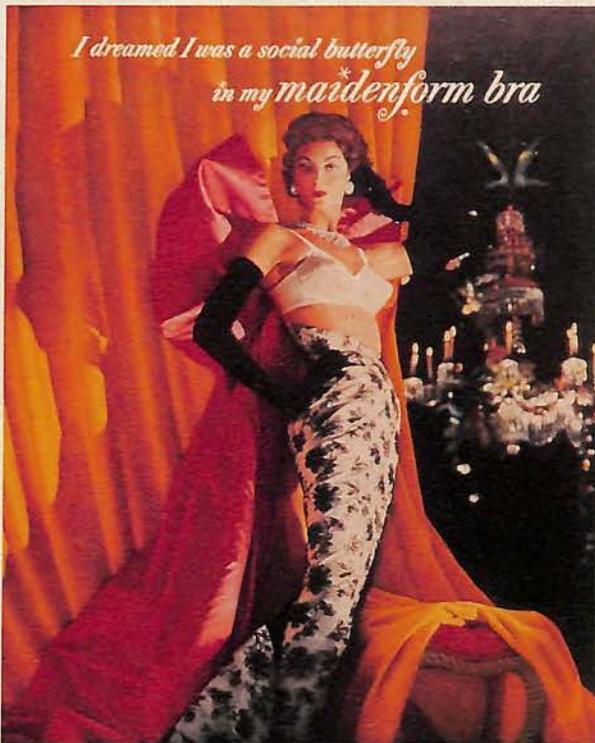
Besides, if I don't wear a girdle every day, the older girls warn me, I'm going to "spread." Spreading is somehow related to letting my flesh hang loose, which is in turn related to the idea of the "loose" woman, and none of us wants to be considered loose. A man doesn't buy a cow if he can get milk for free, our mothers tell us in dire tones. We don't point out that we're not cows, and we don't fight against girdles, which apparently do a good job of discouraging wandering hands, since most of the single girls I know are virgins.

But which girdle should I wear? If I pick the panty girdle, I'll need 10 minutes' advance notice before going to the toilet.

If I wear the two-way stretch, it will ride up and form a sausage around my waist. Either way, my flesh will be marked with welts and stripes when, at that delirious moment in my bedroom, I can strip off my clothes and scratch and scratch.

I pick the two-way stretch but, born compromiser that I am, put underpants over it.

Next comes the bra. I don't dare look at myself in the mirror as I put it on. This is the era of the pinup girl, the heyday of Lana Turner and Betty Grable, when breasts bubble and froth over the rims of C-cups and a flat chest is considered about as exciting as flat champagne. Not until Twiggy appears on the scene in the 1960's will thinness become acceptable in a girl, much less desirable—but how am I supposed to survive until then? The answer is the garment I've just put on, the confession of my disgrace—a padded bra. If I wear a strapless gown, I pin

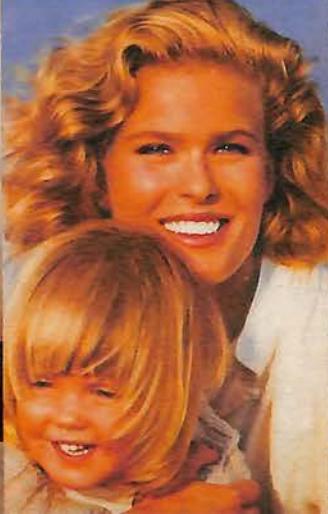


COURTESY OF MAIDENFORM INC.

Does  
she...  
or  
doesn't  
she?™

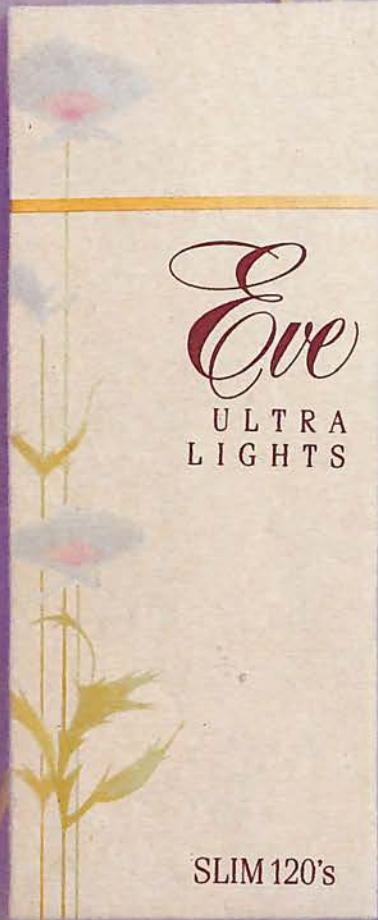


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nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S  
WARNING: Smoking By  
Pregnant Women May Result  
in Fetal Injury, Premature  
Birth And Low Birth Weight.**

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## I REMEMBER

foam-rubber bust pads, which are known as "falsies," in place. Occasionally one of these breaks loose during a particularly ardent conga or mambo and rises above my dress like the rim of the sun peering over a hilltop.

At least the bra won't show under my silk slip. Silk is expensive, of course, and no male will see my underwear unless he marries me or I'm carried off to a hospital emergency room—but then, as all the mothers warn us, accidents do happen.

Stockings next. During World War II, just as I became old enough to wear them, our wonderful new nylons were snatched away from us in order to make parachutes for what was known as the "war effort." What were we girls supposed to do—go out on a date in socks, like little children? If there weren't any stockings around, we'd have to create them. And so we bought bottles of makeup base and painted stockings on our legs and drew seams up the back with eyebrow pencils, which was undoubtedly the last time my seams were ever straight.

My dress, oddly enough, is easy to choose. For a woman of my years, a skirt-and-sweater is out of the question on a date. The dress mustn't be too high-style or expensive, however, or else the young man will think that I'm spoiled, a fatal defect in a girl who might otherwise qualify as good wife material. Never mind that I earned the money to buy my own clothes; I still have to show that it won't cost much to support me once we marry and I quit my job. For the same reason, wherever we go—which is always at his expense, of course—I'll insist that we travel by bus or subway, never by taxi. If he invites me out to dinner (which doesn't happen often, because of cost, and never on a first date), I'll eat a sandwich at home before I leave, to make sure I won't be tempted to order an appetizer or dessert in the restaurant.

Shoes. I'd like to wear my fashionable new ones, with their ankle straps crisscrossing in back and fastening above the ankle bone, but they have 3½-inch heels, and I have no idea if I'll tower over this unknown man. If I choose low heels, on the other hand, he may think that I'm condescending. I pick the high heels but hide a low-heeled pair in the hall closet, just in case. Blind dates have their special hazards.

I still have to put on my makeup, which includes lots of lipstick, loose face powder and an eyebrow pencil to

extend my brow line, but no eye shadow, much less liner. I also have to do my hair, which is set with heavy lotion and rollers in the beauty parlor every week. (At night I sleep in a cotton mesh hairnet that I tie around my head, in order to preserve the set for at least a week.)

Speeding up the pace, I rush to equip my pocketbook with a monogrammed handkerchief and some "mad money," including several nickels for phone calls or a bus, obligatory for a blind date. I run to my glove drawer and hunt up a pair in white kid, since he's invited me to a concert. I won't need a hat. He'll wear one, of course.

The doorbell rings. I dab Shalimar on a tuft of cotton, which I tuck inside my bra; I check my stocking seams and move toward the door. For an instant, my hand rests on the knob, while I wonder what sort of person is breathing out there, only inches away from me but still unrevealed, unexplored. And then I open the door, and I see his face and hear his voice, because he's already in mid-sentence. As a matter of fact, he's in mid-story, as if it's inconceivable that anyone could be less than fascinated with what he's saying, which happens to be true, or as if he's my husband already and has waited all day, or maybe all his life, to tell me about what happened to him that afternoon.

A box of Kleenex is tucked under his arm, because he has a cold, and he lays the box down on the hall table with the assurance of the rightful prince stepping into his kingdom at last. This one I'll marry or I'll marry no one, I say to myself an hour later.

Three dates—which means three weeks—later, he proposes. "Wait, I have to tell you something first," I declare in distress. He waits. I'm in turmoil, I'm risking everything on candor, and candor isn't a virtue in which I've had much practice. I've never said anything like this out loud before. "You have a right to know," I announce. "I wear a padded bra."

He says he imagines he can handle that.

We were married three months later. I wonder, if he hadn't proposed so promptly, how much longer it would have been before he discovered my secret for himself.

*JOAN GOULD is the author of Spirals—A Woman's Journey Through Family Life. She and her husband, Martin, were happily married for 28 years, until his death in 1978.*



# A Night to Remember

By Gregory Jaynes

**A**ccording to a notice that arrived in the post not long ago, it is 76 years since the Titanic went down and, what is more, only 20 of her survivors continue upon the earth. Ten of these souls would be reuniting in Boston (the rest no longer travel well) to mark the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Titanic Historical Society. R.S.V.P.

Well, of course. Who among us could possibly reject such an invitation? Historically speaking, it would be as stupid as, say, declining to meet a man who knew a man who knew Napoleon. So it was off to Boston and the Copley Plaza, a venerable hotel that opened in 1912, the year the great ship foundered.

Discreet inquiries with a bell captain produced the immediate intelligence that "there's one right over there, the old lady on the sofa." Seated primly on a lobby

banquette was Millvina Dean of Southampton, England, the launching site of the Titanic. A handsome woman in sturdy shoes, she cheerfully volunteered, "I was only 10 weeks old, so I haven't much to contribute, have I?"

At the moment, Ms. Dean allowed, the thing uppermost on her mind was the airplane trip she had just made from Olde to New England. It was her first. Despite a shaky departure, she pronounced the flight "satisfying." As for the Titanic, Ms. Dean said, "It was a tragedy for my mother, so we never talked about it. Of course, I wasn't kept in the dark about the story. We were put in this little boat, and it was only supposed to be women and children, but there was this Chinaman who sneaked on. They wanted to throw him overboard—there was quite a lot of talk about it—but of course they didn't do it. I suspect they would have regretted it. Have you met my brother? He's really much better at this sort of thing. That's him, there."

Bertram Dean, a tweedy fellow, was in

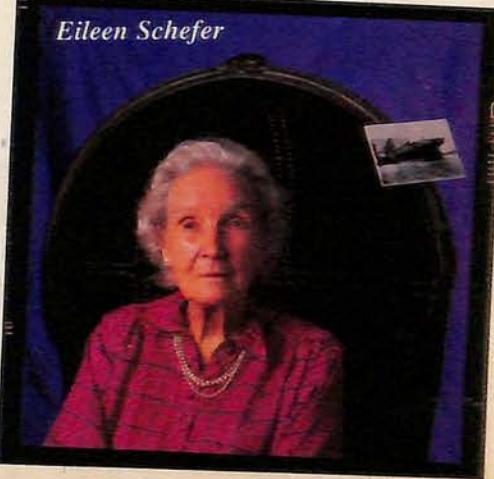
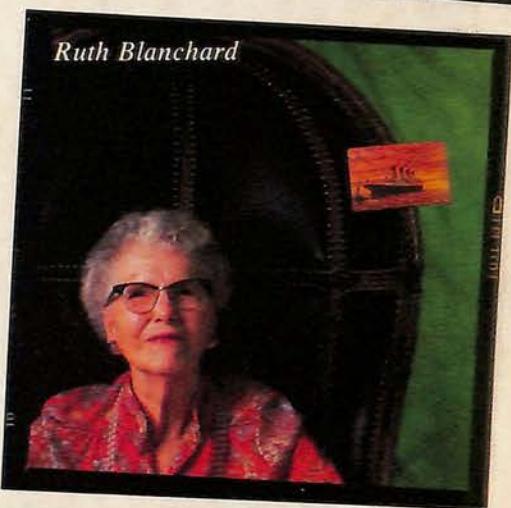
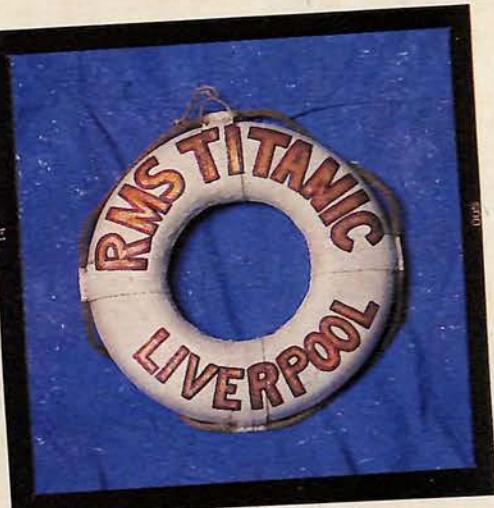
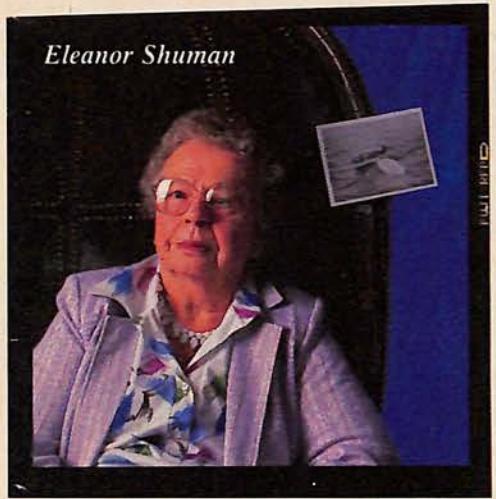
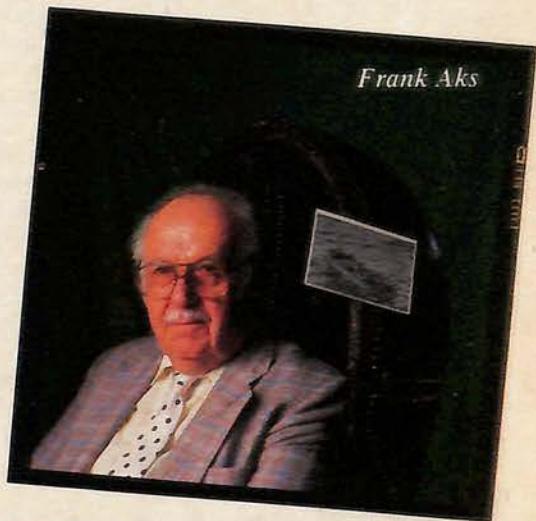
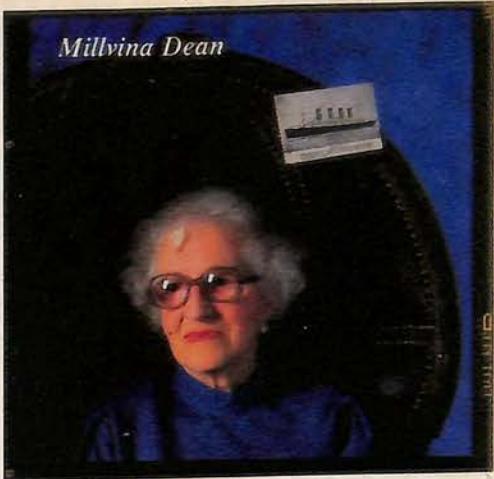
a corner autographing reunion programs. Somebody asked him what type of business he had retired from—he had the look of a man at leisure—but Mr. Dean mistook the question for the question he is most often asked and swung off on a non sequitur: "The whole thing? From start to finish? Well, my father was the manager of a pub in London, and he decided to emigrate. So many people had told him how much better it was in America, so he sold everything and we got on the Titanic.

"The way it turned out, it was women and children first, don't you see, and my father just said, 'Cheerio, see you later,' because I reckon he didn't think she would sink. We had no money, no clothes, but the Americans fixed us up. Eventually they sent us back. We were living on 26 shillings a week from the Titanic Fund when my mother married again. She married a veterinary surgeon. That put things right. We were in much better condition." Mr. Dean was 8 years old when the ship went down.

Frank Aks was 10 months old and has no memory of it, but he has nonetheless achieved some small measure of celebrity. Ever since Mr. Aks and his mother, Leah, were on the *Ripley's Believe It or Not* radio program in 1939 he has been known as "the Titanic baby." In the confusion of boarding the lifeboats, Frank had been virtually snatched from his mother's arms and thrown 12 feet overboard into a boat being lowered to the water. He landed in the lap of a woman named Elizabeth Nye, who had lost a child of her own some time before the voyage and who now thought God had dropped this one from the sky in her hour of greatest need. By the time baby and surrogate mother reached the rescuing vessel Carpathia, Mrs. Nye was claiming the baby as her own. To the Carpathia's captain, Arthur Rostron, fell the Solomonic task of determining the rightful parent. Leah Aks told the captain a few intimate details about her son: He had a strawberry birthmark under his left breast and a circumcised penis. After an inspection in the captain's quarters, natural mother and son were reunited.



The "unsinkable" Titanic outside Cherbourg, France, just days before the disaster. No other modern sea tragedy has so captured the public imagination.





**The world was shocked when the giant ship sank in 1912. Twenty survivors are still alive.**

It is just such high drama that draws 300 to 400 Titanic scholars, sleuths and groupies to these gatherings year after year. Many of them can recite the statistics as easily as others might burst into the refrain of a favorite song. Sunday, April 14, 1912. Lifeboat capacity: 1,176. The ship struck ice and sank in 13,000 feet of water. 1,523 dead. 705 survivors. The greatest peacetime maritime tragedy in history. And those are just the facts everyone is supposed to know. The serious attendees at these affairs come armed with incredible minutiae, scraps of information far exceeding those held by the survivors, and they come looking for more. As Ruth Blanchard, who was 12 years old in 1912, said during a question period: "Please don't ask me about dimensions. All I know is what *you* know. It was the largest ship afloat at the time. It had four funnels. And it was 'unsinkable.'"

"Do you remember which officer on the Carpathia offered you refreshments?"

"No, no. Mercy, no!"

"Was the band playing 'Nearer My God to Thee'?"

"I didn't hear it. I heard band music, but not that."

"Was anybody praying in your lifeboat?"

"No, not that I saw."

"Do you remember which officer was in your lifeboat?"

"No, no. Mercy, no!"

Ms. Blanchard said that at times the zeal of her inquisitors gets under her skin. "For years I've been wondering, why are these young people so interested in the Titanic? When I'm talking I can just hear somebody saying under their breath, 'Why, that's not the way I heard it.' Well, I'm just telling you what I saw."

"The Titanic really was a monument to man's arrogance," said Eva Hart, another survivor. "One life was worth more than the Titanic. If we had simply had enough lifeboats, no one would have died. It was the smoothest sea I've ever seen. What a price we paid! What a price! If we had had enough boats, we wouldn't be at a convention now. It would have been forgotten in

a couple of years. People would say, 'Oh, that's the ship that sank on the maiden voyage' and let the subject alone."

For four days, no one at the hotel in Boston let the subject alone. They showed movies nearly nonstop (Hollywood's 1953 *Titanic* and England's 1958 *A Night to Remember*, among others), traded steamship memorabilia, listened to speakers from the U.S. Navy who had participated in the 1986 dive to the ship's wreck, and besieged the survivors for autographs and personal recollections.

Frank Aks, the survivor most sensitive to the press, fumed and sputtered a lot but seemed nice enough at heart. He has given thousands of interviews, he said, and he has never been quoted correctly. At his home in Norfolk, Va., he has been beleaguered by journalists, some of whom "don't even wipe their damn feet when they come in my house out of the rain." Having said that, he invited a scribbler to his room to show he wasn't such a bad guy after all.

Meanwhile, Eva Hart, who was 7 when the ship sank, was having her own dust-up with the press. In the lobby she was confronting one William P. Coughlin of the *Boston Globe*. "Did you write that article this morning?"

"Depends on whether you liked it."

"I am shattered that you made such a mistake."

"What mistake?"

"You said that officer fired at my father's head."

"Near his head."

"He fired away into the air. That was all."

"I'll correct it."

"If you don't I shall cut you off without a shilling when I make my will."

**L**ater, when Ms. Hart addressed the crowd, she corrected the paper's error, saying that an officer who was hollering, "Stop that crowding!" fired into the air to get his point across. Then she told her tale, one of the best of the convention. She and her parents were on the Titanic because her father, a master house-builder, had decided to join a friend in business in Canada. "This plan was put afoot and my mother was horrified, absolutely horrified."

Ms. Hart said her mother had only one premonition in her life and it concerned the Titanic. "Mother said, 'Now I know why I'm afraid.' She said, 'That is the ship they say is unsinkable.' My father said, 'No, dear, that ship is unsinkable.' She said, 'That flies in the face of God.'"

The night the ship struck ice, Ms. Hart's father was sleeping and her mother was

sewing. "In her very own words, Mother said, 'I felt a slight bump. I knew perfectly well that this was something.'"

When it came time to be put aboard lifeboats, her father counseled young Eva and her mother not to worry. He said it was just a precaution and that they would probably be back for breakfast.

"I watched that ship sink, and I watched that ship break in half, whatever anyone says," Ms. Hart recalled. "I saw every scrap of that, and I have a very good memory. It is something that has lived with me without cessation the entire course of my life, and I shall never forget it." For years, she said, people "had only to ask a question about the Titanic and I would run upstairs and shut the door. It was quite a long time before I could talk about it." But now she was ready, she said, opening the floor for questions.

"Was there any feeling those people in first class were a world apart from you in second?"

"Well, how would I know? What did you know when you were 7 years old?"

"What was it that so strongly convinced you that the ship broke in two?"

"Because I saw it. I saw it."

"Where was your cabin?"

"It was on E deck, but I don't know the number. It's very naughty of me not to know these things."

"What did you do for a living?"

"Now hold your horses and sit tight." She taught piano. She sang professionally in England, Australia and Singapore. She worked for an automobile distributor. She was a government food officer. During the war she worked in a munitions factory. She was an industrial welfare officer for 26 years, and for 22 years after that she was a justice of the peace. "Other than that, I haven't done anything."

In response to a question, she said the sound of the steam blowing off the Titanic's engines so haunted her that for years she was terrified by the sound of steam-engine trains. After revealing this once to a London paper, she was distressed to read a headline that said, "Eva can't bear to hear a kettle boil."

Decades after the disaster, Ms. Hart said, she made her first flight across the Atlantic. They flew over an ice field. The stranger sitting next to her, at the window, said, "Come and look, dear, it's a marvelous sight." She declined. "You may never get to see an iceberg again," he said.

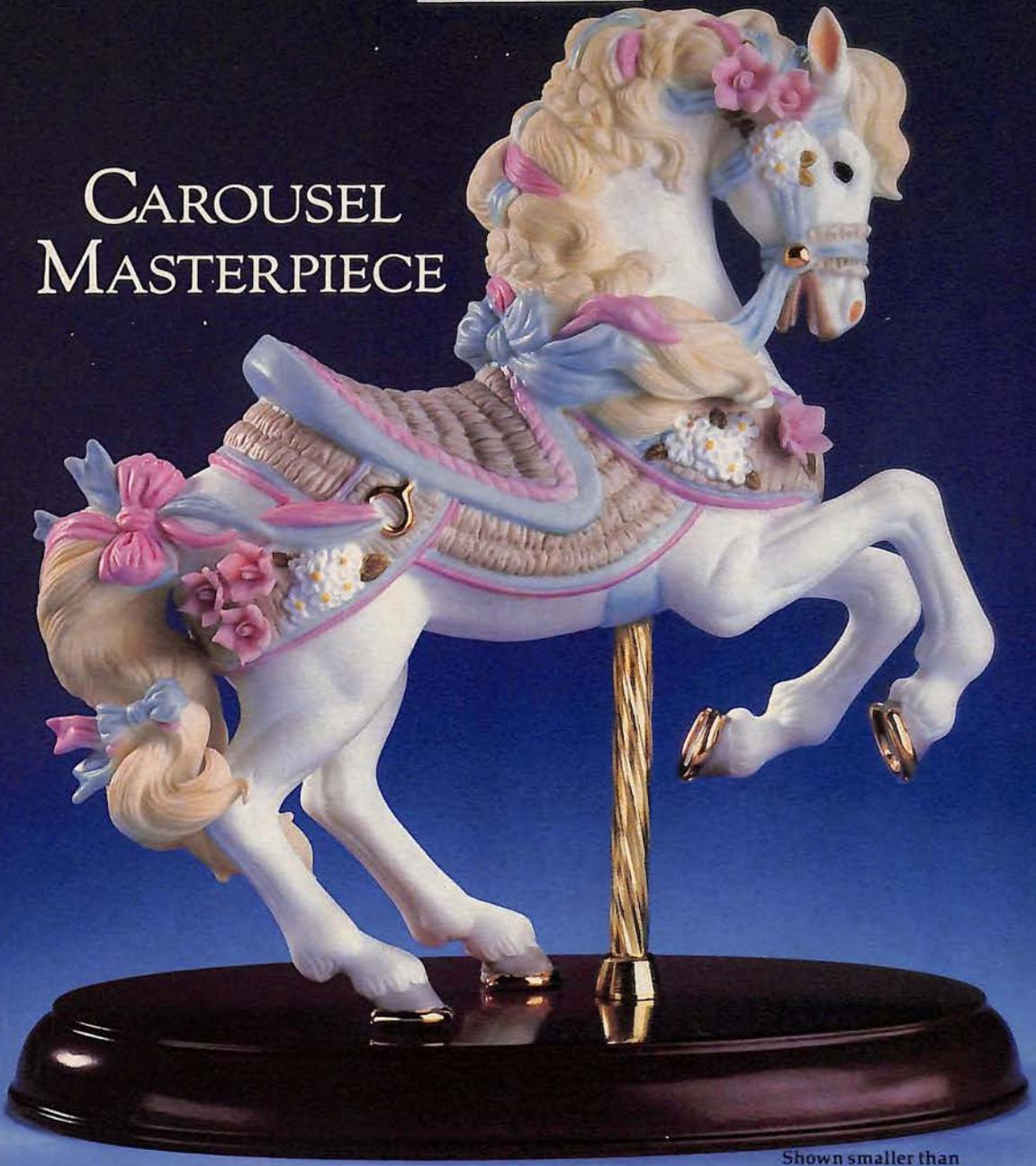
She said, "I've seen one."

The standing ovation for Ms. Hart lasted several minutes.

GREGORY JAYNES is a writer on the staff of Life magazine.

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## Watermarks

By Maureen McFadden



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

## ESCAPE

"I USED TO LET MY LOUPE (MAGNIFIER) MOVE LIKE A OUIJA board, just hold it lightly and let it slip down the roll," recalls Dirk Halstead, who in 1965 was the head of U.P.I.'s picture bureau in Saigon. "It was as if the best picture would pull the loupe to a dead stop." This time the loupe was drawn to Kyoichi Sawada's arresting picture of a Vietnamese family crossing a river to escape a U.S. air strike on their village.

Halstead had come to expect extraordinary work from Sawada, a single-minded individual who once spent his vacation demonstrating to skeptical U.P.I. superiors that a desk-bound photo clerk could photograph the Vietnam War. But this image, like the man who took it, was something special. It would win the Japanese photographer the World Press Award, the Overseas Press Club Award, and the Pulitzer Prize for 1966.

The following year, after searching for them for five days, Sawada located the same family. Some say his purpose was to share his prize money with them. If so, the self-effacing Sawada would have been the last to admit it. His colleagues pay him their highest compliment by calling him a "tight shooter." The phrase describes his taciturn nature as much as his photographic skill.

After several years on the battlefield shooting many prize-winning photographs, Sawada made his last trip in October 1970 with reporter Frank Frosch. The pair was headed for a



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Sawada (left) and subjects, reunited in 1967.

Cambodian army outpost near the spot where Sawada had talked his way out of capture six months earlier. But before reaching their destination, the two were intercepted. Both were executed. Sawada was 33.

Today, he remains a hero in his own country. To Americans like Halstead who came to know him, he also remains "bigger than life, truly a legendary character."



MELISSA FARLOW/REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM THE COURIER-JOURNAL

## SHOOTING POOL

SIX MONTHS AFTER HER BIRTH IN APRIL 1975, ANNE MOYER WAS making a bid for Esther Williams's aquatic crown at the local Y.M.C.A. in Louisville, Ky.

On this day the exercise was diving for rings at the bottom of the pool. "As they got used to being underwater," remembers Anne's mom, Jan, "the mothers would make it fun. You'd go under and play with them and let them swim with you." Melissa Kay Farlow, a photographer with the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, borrowed an underwater camera to make the mother-daughter portrait.

The lessons took; Anne, who is 13 today, began swimming competitively when she was 5. Though she is still at home in the water, these days she prefers cheerleading on terra firma as a member of the Holy Family Junior High School team in New Albany, Ind. The team placed 10th in the nation last year and hopes to top that next time. Now if only they could learn to cheer underwater.



PATRICK L. PFISTER/PICTURE GROUP

Jan and Anne Moyer

## SIGN LANGUAGE

BRAD KAVA, 30, A GENERAL-ASSIGNMENT REPORTER FOR California's *San Jose Mercury News*, was awakened by an early call from his editor on Feb. 21, 1986, and told to cover a levee break on the Yuba River 200 miles away.

"I was really excited," Kava remembers, "though I had no idea what to expect. I even wore a shirt and tie. To a flood!" By the time he arrived at Linda, Calif., a small town just below the levee, it was already under 12 feet of water. Kava was the lone reporter among a boatload of photographers to accept an invitation from the National Guard to observe a rescue. "I figured if I stay [behind] I'll just end up with the same story as the other reporters."

The mission turned out to be a wash; stray pets seemed to be the only flood victims still unrescued. But cruising down Main Street, the Guard boat hit a telephone pole, dumping Kava and the photographers into the water. "I was petrified," Kava remembers. "The water was paralyzingly cold. After the first few seconds I had no feeling in my hands and legs." As he was swept helplessly down Main Street by the churning brown river, he was certain he would die. At last he spotted a traffic sign in the distance and let the water carry him to it. He hooked his arm around it and hung on.

Several boats passed him by, oblivious to his plight. Finally, Craig Lee, a photographer from the *San Francisco Examiner*, spotted Kava from a passing boat and alerted rescuers. Then Lee started snapping pictures, including the one that won him an award from the National Press Photographers Association.

After thawing out at a local hospital, Kava called his story in to his editors. "I'm saying, 'Hey, I almost drowned.' And they're saying, 'Yeah, but you're late for your deadline.' It wasn't until Lee's picture came over the wire that they got it." Since then Kava's covered other disasters, and he thinks himself



CRAIG LEE/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

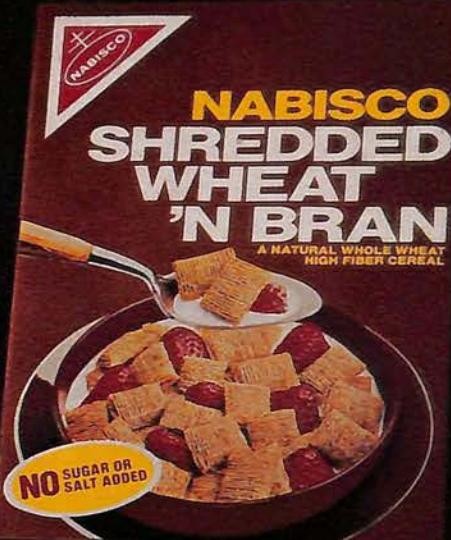
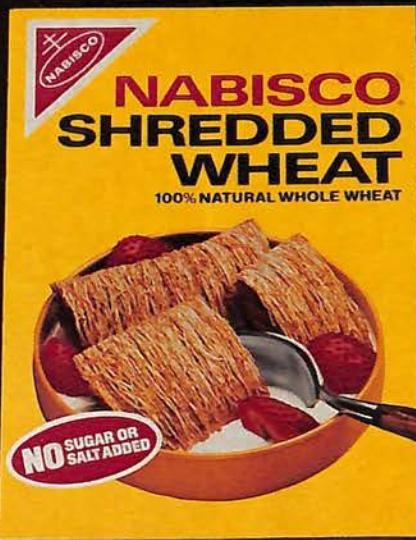
a better reporter for having once been a victim.

When he returned to Linda, six months after the flood, he was surprised to find he had become a local hero, his picture hanging in all the shops. "One guy asked me to autograph it," Kava laughs. The irrepressible citizens even asked Kava to be Grand Marshal in their annual "World's Most Outrageous Raft Race" down the Yuba. No thanks, he told them, maybe next time.



Lee and Kava

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GLOBE PHOTOS

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AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

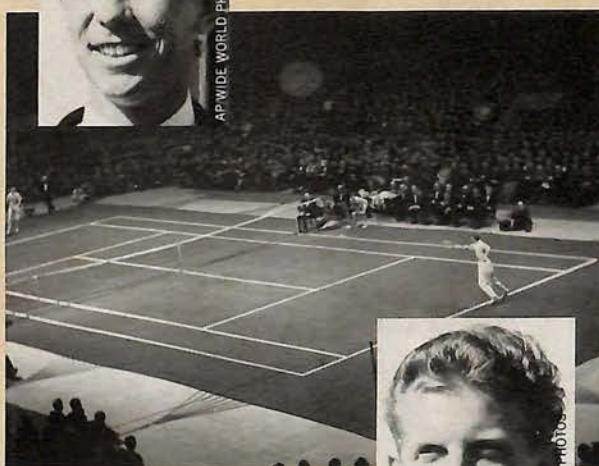
**FASCISTS AND ANTI-FASCISTS** Francisco Franco takes Barcelona; refugees flee to French border . . . Hitler seizes Czechoslovakia . . . New York City schoolgirl, dressed in traditional Bohemian clothes, displays coin boxes to be circulated in "Stop Hitler!" parade . . . American nephew William Hitler calls uncle "a menace."



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



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AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

#### WINNERS AND LOSERS

Don Budge, number-one American tennis amateur, makes his professional debut at Madison Square Garden and beats Ellsworth Vines, number-one pro . . . Southern California takes Duke at Rose Bowl, 7-3 . . . Joe Louis KO's John Henry Lewis in the first.



GLOBE PHOTOS

**POET AND POPE** The great Irish poet William Butler Yeats dies . . . Eugenio Pacelli becomes Pope Pius XII . . . Gandhi begins anti-government fast . . . Amelia Earhart, lost over Pacific 18 months ago, is pronounced legally dead.



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PICTORIAL PARADE

#### COMING RIGHT UP:



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

page 28

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This classic sign in the Hollywood Hills drew thousands of dreamers to Hollywood. ▼

# HOLLYWOOD



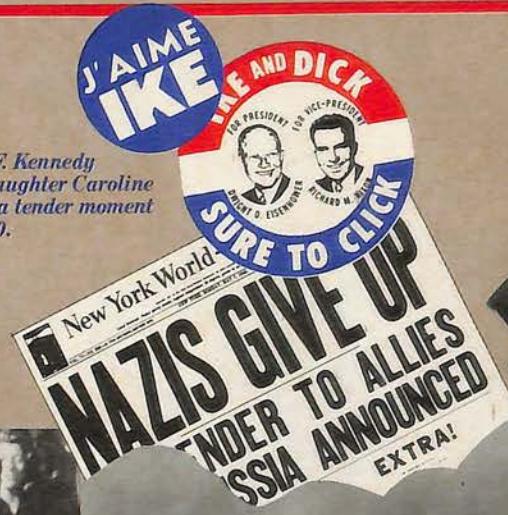
Who could ever forget Hopalong Cassidy, early television hero?



In 1931, James Cagney pushes a grapefruit in the face of actress Mae Clarke in "Public Enemy."



John F. Kennedy and daughter Caroline enjoy a tender moment in 1960. ▶



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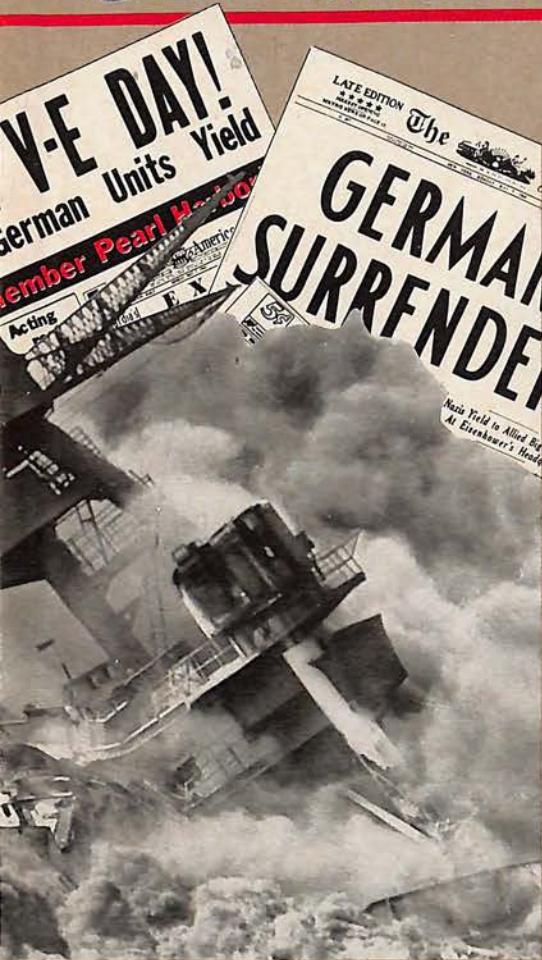
Screen legend Jimmy Stewart stars in "The Philadelphia Story" in 1941.



Cassius Clay winning the heavyweight title from Sonny Liston in 1964. ▶

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# OF OUR TIMES

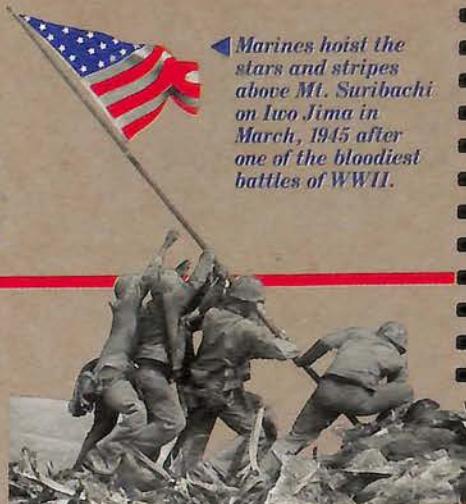


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# Mr. Frankfurter Sets

**50 YEARS AGO: A SUPREME COURT NOMINEE CONFRONTS HIS CRITICS**

*Felix Frankfurter was not the first appointee to testify before the Senate. But the nature of his appearance marked a turning point.*

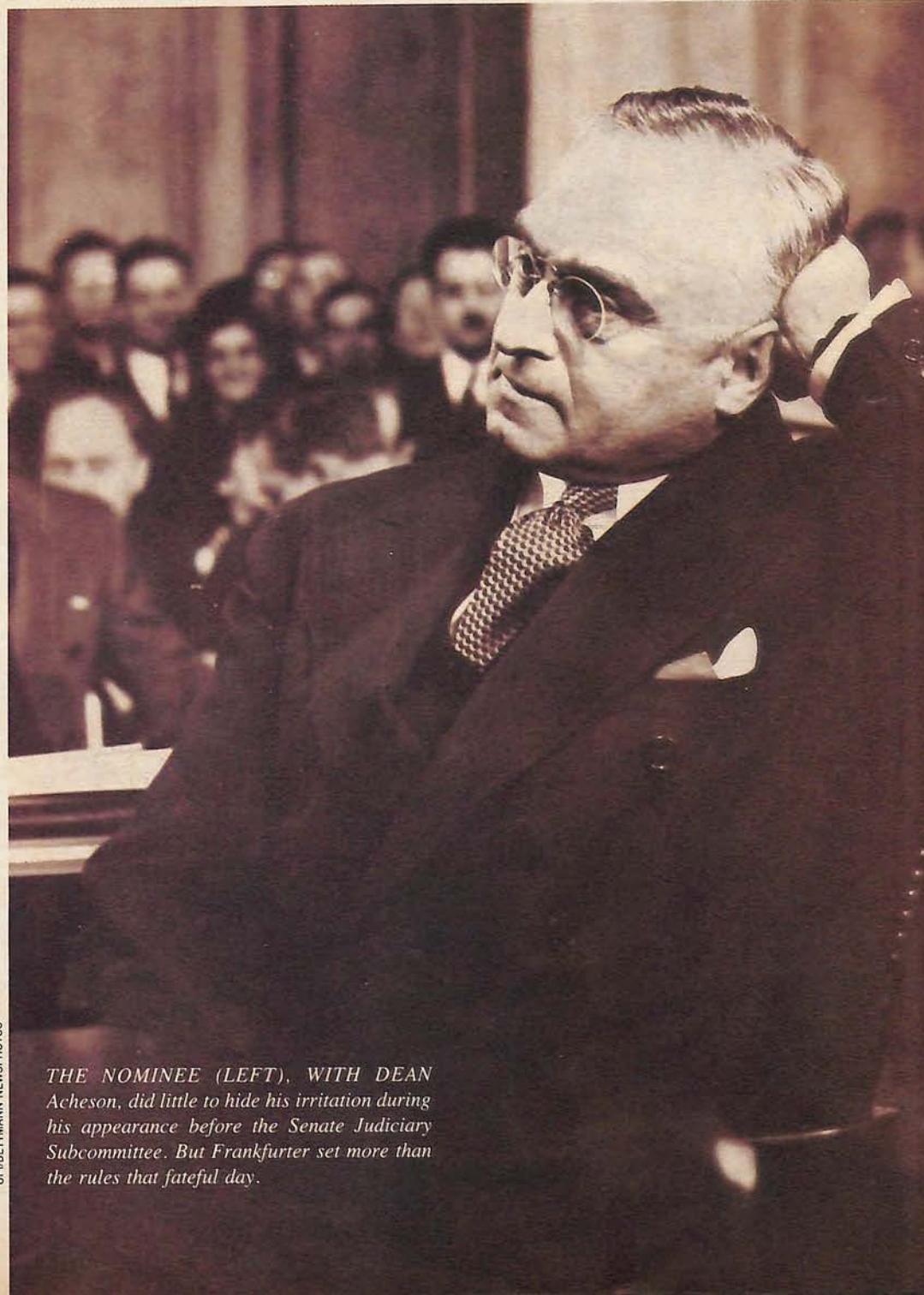
**By James F. Simon**

The large Senate Caucus Room was jammed with Washington insiders, reporters, photographers and ordinary citizens, all straining to glimpse the arrival of the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee's star witness. At 12 minutes after the hour of 10 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 12, 1939, the object of their attention, a short (5 feet 5 inches), stocky, neatly dressed law professor from Harvard, entered the room. One week earlier, Felix Frankfurter had been appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. And on this dreary winter day, the nominee appeared to be in a hurry to get the subcommittee's business over with so that he could take his seat on the highest court in the land.

Accompanied by his old friend and former student, the elegant Washington lawyer Dean Acheson, Frankfurter walked directly to the front of the Caucus Room and shook hands with the subcommittee chairman, West Virginia Senator M. M. Neely. Having dispatched that formality, Frankfurter took his seat next to Acheson, adjusted his pince-nez and prepared to address the senators.

Frankfurter's obvious pique at having to appear at the hearings was understandable; he had not anticipated any need to be there in person. When President Roosevelt named him to the Court, Frankfurter politely declined the subcommittee's invitation to appear and designated Dean Acheson to serve as his representative at the Senate hearings. But two days of wild charges from a parade that included anti-Semites, Red-hunters and other oddball witnesses accusing Frankfurter of various crimes against the Republic convinced both the nominee and his protégé that Frankfurter should appear himself.

He could not have known it then, but Frankfurter's appearance that day marked a milestone in the process by which the



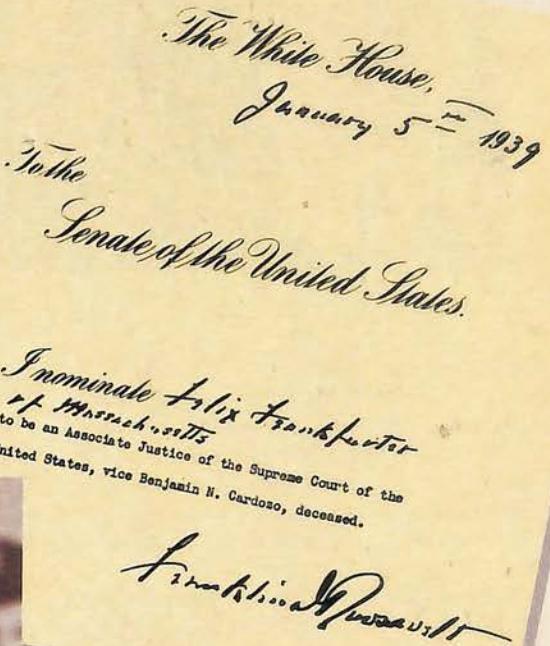
UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

*THE NOMINEE (LEFT), WITH DEAN Acheson, did little to hide his irritation during his appearance before the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee. But Frankfurter set more than the rules that fateful day.*

# a Precedent



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



Senate confirms nominees to the Supreme Court. Following the Frankfurter precedent, nominees have routinely placed themselves in the Senate's hot seat and been extensively grilled about their qualifications, although it was not until the nomination of John Marshall Harlan, in 1955, that the Senate *required* the testimony of prospective justices.

On that winter day back in 1939, however, it was clear that Frankfurter had come not as a supplicant but as a man certain of his rectitude and of his qualifications to sit on the Court. He wasted no time putting the senators on notice that he, not they, would set the rules for the day's session. His appearance, Frankfurter sternly announced in his opening statement, was not in good taste and did not serve the best interests of the U.S. Supreme Court. He had no intention, he went on, of supplementing his long written record, as available to the senators as to any other citizen, with public declarations. Having completed his lecture, Professor Frankfurter told the committee that he was prepared to take their questions.

For the next hour and a half, the nominee responded to the wide-ranging inquiry. He defended his membership on the national board of the American Civil Liberties Union, which had been attacked by previous witnesses. Asked by Idaho Senator William Borah what the attitude of the A.C.L.U. was toward communism, Frankfurter replied, "So far as I know, it has no attitude except to carry out its function of seeing that Communists get their constitutional rights, along with Henry Ford, the



FORTAS

HAYNSWORTH

## Stopped by the Senate



CARSWELL

BORK

PICTORIAL PARADE

Nazis and the Klan."

The dramatic highlight of the day's hearings came after prolonged questioning by Nevada Senator Patrick McCarran, who insisted that the nominee give a detailed explanation of his views on communism. Did Frankfurter believe in the doctrines of Karl Marx?

Frankfurter's blue eyes fixed coldly on McCarran. "Senator," he said, "you've never taken an oath to support the government of the United States with less reservation than I have, nor do I believe that you are more attached to the theories and policies of Americanism than I am. I rest my answer on that statement."

His declaration elicited two minutes of sustained, enthusiastic applause. For all serious purposes, the hearings were over. Later that day the subcommittee voted unanimously to recommend to the full Senate Judiciary Committee that Frankfurter's nomination be confirmed. By voice vote, the same month, the Senate unanimously approved the President's nomination of the man Justice Louis Brandeis called the most useful lawyer in the nation.

Thirty years would pass before a serious challenge was mounted against another Court nominee. It happened in the summer of 1968 after lame-duck President Lyndon B. Johnson named Associate Justice Abe Fortas to succeed Earl Warren as Chief Justice of the United States. Both the President and the Court itself were feeling the lash of reaction that summer. Johnson's problem was the massive U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War. The Court too was being openly criticized, most conspicuously by Republican Presidential hopeful Richard Nixon, for decisions that expanded civil liberties, particularly the protections of criminal defendants.

That Justice Fortas, a member of the liberal Court majority, had been designated by LBJ to succeed Earl Warren as its leader rankled some Senate conservatives. When Fortas appeared before the Judiciary Committee, Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina made it clear that the liberal decisions of the Warren Court, not just Fortas, would be challenged. Thurmond

bombarded the nominee with questions about decisions that he considered not only wrong but also a usurpation of the legislature's role. "With all deference," Fortas declined to respond, saying that he could not discuss issues that might later be argued before the Court.

Fortas was less successful in deflecting questions from other members of the committee about his role—while a sitting justice—as an adviser to LBJ on Vietnam. The vision of a Supreme Court justice participating in strategy sessions on the war and deciding issues provoked by that same war (the constitutionality of a law against the burning of draft cards, for example) set many a senator on edge.

When Fortas later admitted that he had received \$15,000 for conducting a series of seminars at American University, the focus shifted to his professional ethics. His nomination languished and ultimately had to be withdrawn by LBJ. Pressure mounted when additional ethics charges were leveled against him, and he resigned from the Court in May 1969.

**N**ot surprisingly, supporters of the Warren Court were dismayed by the loss of both Earl Warren and Abe Fortas from the Court within less than a year. When the new President, Richard Nixon, seized the opportunity to replace both Warren and Fortas with more conservative justices, confrontation loomed.

Nixon's nominee to replace Chief Justice Warren, Judge Warren E. Burger of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, moved through the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings without major incident; Burger was easily confirmed by the full Senate. But Nixon's second nominee, Judge Clement Haynsworth Jr. of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit, was not successful.

The conservative judicial record of Judge Haynsworth, a fifth-generation lawyer from a wealthy South Carolina family, was attacked by both civil rights and labor groups. But Haynsworth's critics made little progress until the issue that had doomed Abe Fortas—ethical impropri-

ties—came to the surface.

At his confirmation hearings Haynsworth admitted that he had been a vice president and director of a vending machine company that did \$50,000 worth of business with Darlington Mills, a corporation that had been accused in Judge Haynsworth's court of violating a labor law. The judge, it turned out, had cast the decisive vote in favor of Darlington Mills. Later it was revealed that after Haynsworth voted (with a court majority) to support the Brunswick Corporation, but before the court decision was made public, he purchased 1,000 shares of Brunswick stock. The Haynsworth nomination failed, as Fortas's had, primarily because of doubts about his ethics.

Stung by the Haynsworth defeat, President Nixon vowed to send the name of another conservative to the Senate. Soon enough, the President tapped Judge G. Harrold Carswell, an undistinguished member of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. Although Nixon was confident of his nominee's ethics, he did not know that Carswell had left suggestions of racism throughout his career.

The Senate defeated the Carswell nomination, 51-45. Only once before in American history had two of a President's Supreme Court nominees been rejected in consecutive votes. It was not a historical footnote of which any President could be proud.

The Senate Judiciary Committee has challenged more recent nominees, including the present Chief Justice, William H. Rehnquist. But by far the most celebrated hearings since Carswell's revolved around President Ronald Reagan's nomination to the Court of U.S. Court of Appeals Judge Robert Bork in September 1987. His supporters insisted that Bork, a former Yale Law School professor, would bring to the Court a brilliant legal mind and, Reagan announced proudly, a conservative judicial philosophy as well.

In nominating Bork, the President had thrown down a gauntlet to liberals and moderates in both parties, who recognized a challenge to the delicate philosophical equilibrium the Court then maintained.

Even before the hearings began, Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts, a liberal, announced that he would oppose Bork's confirmation. Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, a conservative, was just as publicly adamant in support of the nominee.

Predictably, in the hearings Bork was attacked by Kennedy and defended by Hatch. But other senators raised serious questions about the nominee's views on established doctrines of constitutional law, and both the nominee and undecided moderate members of the committee soon found themselves caught in the political crossfire.

As a law professor in the 1960's and 70's, Bork had denounced many landmark decisions by the Court that expanded civil rights and liberties, including those protecting the rights of minorities and women. He was asked repeatedly by members of the committee whether he still held those views. Increasingly impatient, Bork said he would be open-minded about those Court decisions that he had earlier criticized. His responses did not convince a

majority of the committee members, who voted against his nomination. The full Senate quickly followed suit.

After his defeat, Bork charged that the confirmation process had become dangerously politicized. Many of the senators who voted against him, Bork suggested, did so on blatantly political grounds. Although he did not allude to them specifically, Bork must have wished for a return to the days when the Court nominee could tell the committee, as Frankfurter once did, what he would and would not discuss.

There are significant differences, however, between the Frankfurter nomination and that of Judge Bork. Unlike President Reagan, Roosevelt had not challenged the Senate by nominating a man associated with an ideology. Nor did Frankfurter's judicial philosophy run counter to the prevailing Court majority.

In fact, Judge Bork may not have fared any better had he been nominated in the days before the Senate expected personal appearances. If anything, the process may have been more politicized in the old days.

Since President George Washington appointed the first six members to the original Supreme Court in 1789, 26 Court nominees, almost one-fifth of the total, failed to be confirmed by the Senate. All but a handful failed *before* Frankfurter. (In addition to those mentioned, the nominations of Homer Thornberry and Douglas Ginsburg also fizzled.) Many—if not most—were rejected for purely political reasons.

So where does the Bork experience leave us as a nation under the Constitution? About where we began 200 years ago, when the framers demanded that before nominees took their seats for life on the U.S. Supreme Court, the Senate's elected representatives pass on their qualifications.

It was not a bad system then, and it isn't now. ■

JAMES F. SIMON is the dean of New York Law School. His latest book, a biography of Justices Hugo Black and Felix Frankfurter, will be published later this year.

## "The Most Influential Man in America"

When Franklin D. Roosevelt named Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court that January 50 years ago, few Americans questioned the President's selection. What they did question was why he had taken so long to make it. Unlike Roosevelt's first Court appointment—the former Ku Klux Klansman and former senator Hugo Black—Frankfurter possessed impeccable academic and professional credentials. At Harvard Law School, from which he had graduated with highest honors, Frankfurter's examination papers were still read aloud to awed students by admiring faculty members. He had argued his first case before the U.S. Supreme Court before he was 30, and, beginning with Teddy Roosevelt, he had advised three U.S. Presidents.

Frankfurter's forceful defense of civil liberties had long been admired by liberals across the country. In a special report to President Woodrow Wilson, he had argued that local vigilantism against striking miners in Bisbee, Ariz., constituted "brutality and injustice in the raw." He condemned raids on suspected communists by U.S. Attorney General Mitchell Palmer after World War I. And in 1927 he captured the attention of the world with his impassioned defense of the rights of the lowly immigrant anarchists Nicola Sacco and Bartolo Vanzetti.

As a member of the Harvard Law faculty for a quarter of a century, Frankfurter produced a steady stream of insightful articles and books on the U.S. Supreme Court and the Constitution. But he was best known in his unofficial capacity as one of the most valued members of FDR's brain trust. For the six years of the Roosevelt Administration that preceded his nomination to the Court, Frankfurter had success-

fully pumped both ideas and bright young Harvard men into the New Deal. General Hugh Johnson, the first head of the National Recovery Association, said that Frankfurter had become nothing less than the most influential man in America.

Frankfurter's Court appointment was hailed by Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives. New Dealers saw in him another vote for the new Court majority that had recently upheld Roosevelt's social and economic legislation. They assumed his sensitivity to civil liberties would make him the inevitable leader of the liberal wing of the Court.

Conservatives were comforted by his philosophy of judicial restraint, which, unlike the doctrinaire opinions of Justice Black, promised no wholesale social and economic changes. Conservatives saw in Frankfurter a sophisticated student of judicial history and a man respectful of traditions. His was a cautious philosophy, they assured themselves, that presumed the other branches of government should be given broad latitude to govern.

As things turned out, the conservatives were more prescient than the liberals; on the Court, Frankfurter's judicial restraint proved more pervasive than his concern for civil liberties. Ironically, it was the former Klansman Hugo Black who would become the Court's liberal hero, but that is another story.

—J.S.



Harvard man: His exams read to awed students.

# Let Freedom

## 50 YEARS AGO: THE D.A.R. REJECTS MARIAN ANDERSON

*A great black contralto's desire to sing at Constitution Hall unearths the "whites only" policy of the Daughters of the American Revolution.*



# Ring



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

“WHEN I STOOD UP TO SING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM,” MARIAN ANDERSON WROTE LATER, “I FELT FOR A MOMENT AS THOUGH I WERE CHOKING. FOR A DESPERATE SECOND I THOUGHT THAT THE WORDS, WELL AS I KNOW THEM, WOULD NOT COME.”



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**By Leon Jaroff**

In the nation's capital on Easter Sunday, 1939, blacks and whites celebrated the holiday separately. With few exceptions, they attended services in all-white or all-black churches, played on separate baseball diamonds and ate their Easter dinners in rigidly segregated neighborhoods. In the “good” hotels and restaurants, none of the guests or diners was black.

Yet late on the same chilly afternoon, beneath the statue of a brooding Abraham Lincoln, the races came together. Blacks mingled with whites in a crowd of 75,000, waiting impatiently, craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the dignitaries assembling on the platform. There were two members of the Cabinet, a Supreme Court Justice, six U.S. senators and a dozen members of the House of Representatives, including the first black representative since Reconstruction.

The crowd stirred, then burst into applause. A striking woman, wearing a tan fur coat and a bright orange and yellow



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S RESIGNATION FROM THE D.A.R. PUT THE ANDERSON STORY ON THE NATION'S FRONT PAGES.



PICTORIAL PARADE

SOL HUROK, ANDERSON'S MANAGER AND A BRILLIANT PUBLICIST, URGED THE D.A.R. TO WAIVE ITS RESTRICTION, BUT TO NO AVAIL.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

IN 1955 ANDERSON BROKE THE COLOR LINE AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA, SINGING ULRICA IN THE MASKED BALL.

scarf, appeared on the platform. She was escorted to a seat next to Interior Secretary Harold Ickes, who rose to address the throng, "In this great auditorium, under the sky, all of us are free," he declared. "Today we stand reverently and humbly at the base of this memorial to the Great Emancipator while glorious tribute is rendered his memory by a daughter of a race from which he struck the chains of slavery . . . Genius draws no color line."

For the next half-hour the crowd stood transfixed by the stunning voice of the most renowned—and at the moment most symbolic—contralto in America. "I had a feeling that a great wave of good will poured out from those people, almost engulfing me," Marian Anderson would later recall. "And when I stood up to sing the national anthem I felt for a moment as though I were choking. For a desperate second I thought that the words, well as I know them, would not come."

Yet come they did, not only for the anthem but for "America," Donizetti's aria "O mio Fernando," Schubert's "Ave Maria" and three Negro spirituals. Wild applause followed each selection, and when Anderson finally stepped back from the battery of microphones, she recalled, "The tumult of the crowd's shouting would not die down." The voice and the ovations that greeted it were transmitted to millions of listeners across the country by network radio and would be seen and heard in movie newsreels by millions more.

The cheers also carried to nearby Constitution Hall, empty and echoing, where Marian Anderson would have performed were it not for the color of her skin. For it was the refusal by the Daughters of the American Revolution, who owned Constitution Hall, to allow an Anderson concert in the auditorium that had led to this memorable Easter performance. Indeed, the D.A.R.'s heavy-handedness would energize the embryonic civil rights movement and force many whites to see the reality of discrimination in America.

It had all begun innocently enough. When Howard University invited Anderson's manager, impresario Sol Hurok, to present Anderson in concert in the nation's capital, Hurok named April 9 as a day on which the singer would be available. Charles Cohen, representing Howard University, asked Fred Hand, manager of Constitution Hall, the city's largest, to reserve the hall for that night. But Hand told him it was already booked. Besides, he added, a clause in the auditorium's rental contract specified "white artists only."

That brusque turndown might well have passed unnoticed in a city so segregated—

had the artist not been of the stature of Marian Anderson. She had sung in the world's great halls and had been decorated by the kings of Denmark and Sweden. In 1935, after hearing her sing at the Salzburg Music Festival, maestro Arturo Toscanini told her, "A voice like yours is heard once in a hundred years." A few months later, following Anderson's New York debut, *New York Times* music critic Howard Taubman wrote: "The very sound of her voice was electrifying. Full, opulent, velvety, it swelled out like a mighty organ." In 1936, at FDR's request, she sang at the White House, the first black to entertain there. By early 1939 she was commanding as much as \$2,000 for each performance.

A week after Cohen's attempt to book Constitution Hall, in an open letter published in two Washington newspapers, the treasurer of Howard University somewhat timorously suggested, "The question arises whether to impress upon the D.A.R. that this restriction may not represent public opinion in Washington." The *Washington Herald* editorialized that the incident threatened "to make the Capital of the Nation ridiculous in the eyes of all cultured people and to comfort Führer Hitler and the members of the Nazibund."

Metropolitan Opera stars Kirsten Flagstad and Lawrence Tibbett were among the first artists to protest. "Surely," said Tibbett, "the daughters of those who fought for the establishment of this great democracy would not wish to perpetuate such an obviously undemocratic and un-American rule as one which bars the appearance of any artist of whatever race, creed or color." The entire Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra expressed its indignation in a telegram to the D.A.R., as did prominent music critic Deems Taylor.

Hurok, meanwhile, was pressing the D.A.R. to waive the restriction. Learning that the hall was available on April 8 and 10, he attempted to book Anderson on either of those dates. This time Hand, after consulting D.A.R. bigwigs, flatly declared, "The hall is not available for a concert by Miss Anderson."

Other newspapers took up Anderson's cause, and wires of protest poured into the D.A.R.'s headquarters. A Marian Anderson Citizens Committee was formed in the nation's capital. But it remained for Eleanor Roosevelt to make the most dramatic gesture. In her syndicated newspaper column, the First Lady wrote that "the Daughters have taken action which has been widely talked of in the press. To remain as a member implies approval of that action, and therefore I am resigning."

Now Marian Anderson was front-page

news. New York's Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia and Senator Robert Wagner expressed outrage. Hollywood stars Franchot Tone, Frederic March and Florence Eldridge added their protest. Actress Sylvia Sidney vowed that she would "never set foot in Constitution Hall unless public apology is made to Miss Anderson." The Institute of Public Opinion reported that 67 percent of those surveyed approved of Mrs. Roosevelt's action.

Riding the crest of popular sentiment, Hurok arranged for his press agent and the N.A.A.C.P.'s Walter White to pay a joint visit to the Department of the Interior, which has jurisdiction over the capital's parks. There they received permission from Secretary Ickes, an early civil rights advocate, for Anderson to appear in concert at the Lincoln Memorial. In a classic understatement, Ickes declared, "This seems to me to be a good use of the public facilities." Thus the stage was set for the most memorable performance of Marian Anderson's career.

**B**orn in a South Philadelphia ghetto in 1904, Anderson amazed her parents with her ability to carry tunes while still a toddler. At 7, the "Baby Contralto" was singing in the choir of the local Baptist church. When she was 13, the choirmaster urged the congregation to donate to "The Fund for Marian's Future" and, when the money had been raised, sent her off by trolley to an uptown music school. But at the receptionist's desk, Marian was rudely turned away by a phrase she was to hear often in her career: "We don't take colored!"

Anderson persevered. To help pay for private voice lessons, she sang for small fees at black social affairs and church services. Her voice so enthralled her high school principal that he wangled an audition for her with a prominent vocal coach, who proclaimed after hearing her sing a single spiritual: "I will make room for you at once. I will need only two years with you. After that, you will be able to go anywhere, sing for anybody!"

Not quite. Even after she beat out 300 contestants to win a solo performance with the New York Philharmonic at Lewisohn



ANDERSON RECEIVED A STANDING OVATION THROUGH FIVE CURTAIN CALLS AT HER LAST PERFORMANCE, AT CARNEGIE HALL IN 1965.

Stadium in 1926, and even after New York critics reviewed that performance enthusiastically, Anderson discovered that opportunities for a contralto of color were circumscribed in the America of the 1920's.

Discouraged, she went to Berlin, where, aided by a scholarship, she studied voice and the German language. She gave the first of several concerts there in 1930 and the following year toured Scandinavia, where color-blind audiences rose to their feet, heads of state showered her with honors and newspapers documented the mounting "Marian Fever." In Helsinki she sang for Sibelius. Overwhelmed, the Finnish composer called for champagne and, reaching for an appropriate accolade, told her, "My ceiling is much too low for your voice."

Hurok, who had heard Anderson in Paris, vowed to give her in America the success she had enjoyed in Europe. It was he who arranged her New York debut, which took place Dec. 30, 1935. Reviewing it, critic Taubman wrote: "In the last four years Europe has acclaimed this tall, handsome girl. It is time for her own country to honor her."

In its way, America began to. Inside the great halls—many of them segregated—audiences cheered her. But outside the halls, the story was often different. In New

York City, hotels turned her away and she was forced to stay in a Harlem Y.W.C.A. In cities where the better hotels did allow her to register, she was often barred from dining rooms or asked to use the freight elevators. On long train trips, she was regularly refused admission to the dining car.

Anderson bore these humiliations with dignity and courage. "Certainly I have my feelings about conditions that affect my people," she once told a reporter. "But it is not right for me to mimic someone who writes, or who speaks [out against segregation]. That is their forte. . . . What I had was singing, and if my career has been of some consequence, then that's my contribution."

But after her 1939 Easter Sunday triumph, Anderson did exert quiet pressure on halls with segregated audiences. On stage, she would bow first to the black sections, then to the white. Soon she was insisting that if her

audiences were to be segregated, the seating had to be "vertical," that is, with black seats in the orchestra as well as the balcony. In time, she refused to sing before any segregated audience, and one by one the concert halls fell into line. In 1943 even the D.A.R. relented, inviting Anderson to sing in Constitution Hall for the benefit of the United China Relief. She agreed, on the condition that there be no segregated seating for the event. Later the D.A.R. struck down the hall's whites-only rule altogether, and Anderson subsequently sang there a number of times.

Anderson rarely departed from an arduous schedule of appearances that took her around the world. In 1943 she attended the dedication, at the Interior Department, of a mural depicting her Lincoln Memorial concert. She sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" at New York's 1945 V-E Day reception for General Eisenhower and again at the dedication of the Roosevelt Memorial Library in Hyde Park, N.Y. In 1955 she broke the color line at the Metropolitan Opera (and fulfilled a lifelong dream) by appearing at the Met in *The Masked Ball*. Her comment: "One is speechless with happiness." The singer's 1957 good-will tour of India and the Far East was featured on an award-winning episode of Edward R. Murrow's *See It*

Now television program.

Anderson performed at both Dwight Eisenhower's and John F. Kennedy's inaugurations, as well as at a memorial service for JFK in New York City. In 1958 she was appointed to serve as a U.S. delegate to the United Nations. At her last performance, in Carnegie Hall in 1965, the entire audience of 2,900 stood clapping and cheering through five curtain calls.

Among those in the audience that day was critic Taubman, who chose the occasion to recall her 1935 debut: "I did not know then that Miss Anderson would become one of the great singers of our time, that she would open doors for dark-skinned performers everywhere in America, that she would become a rallying cry for those who hated bigotry, that she would become a distinguished representa-

tive of American life as well as American art. I only knew that a voice of unmatched quality and beauty had come home and was telling us in song of the rich adventures of a searching, humble and devout soul."

LEON JAROFF is a former senior editor at Time magazine. He was also the first managing editor of Discover.

## Mistress of Marianna Farm

**H**er eyes are as lustrous as ever, her smile as radiant and warming, and the bright humor and ready laughter are quite as infectious as always. Her hair is white now, but except for that and some loss of mobility, the passing years seem not to have brought much change to Marian Anderson. The wonderful speaking voice inevitably reminds a visitor of the great singing voice.

She lives at Marianna Farm, in the house built for her more than 40 years ago by her late husband, the architect Orpheus Fisher. (Marianna is combination of her own and her mother's names.) It's a comfortable, light-filled and spacious place, standing on a hillside outside Danbury, Conn. Most of the windows look out on the surrounding countryside, until recently nearly all woods and fields.

About the house there are some excellent portraits of Miss Anderson and a fine bronze bust. A few of her many awards—medals, plaques, honorary degrees—are here and there. On the Steinway grand piano are many photographs, including those of her with the six Presidents who honored her.

She doesn't get around as much as she used to. Occasionally she visits her native Philadelphia to see her sister, Ethel De Preist. Usually, though, Mrs. De Preist comes to Connecticut, especially on holidays, often with her son, the noted conductor James De Preist.

Not long ago Miss Anderson traveled to City Hall in New York for a tribute to Eleanor Roosevelt and visited the Metropolitan Opera, where she was an honored guest. For the reopening of Carnegie Hall in late 1986, she sat in Isaac Stern's box. The television cameras found her there and combined the live images with newsreel footage of her flower-strewn farewell concert from the Carnegie Hall stage in 1965. Recently, too, she visited Westchester County's elegant Caramoor Festival to hear for the first time the soprano Kathleen Battle. Miss Battle, seeing her in the audience, saluted her from the stage. The emo-



Marian Anderson, who turns 87 in February, lives today in the Connecticut house built for her more than 40 years ago by her late husband, an architect.

tion of the moment brought the sold-out house to its feet.

She is looking forward to August 12, when many of her friends will gather at the Charles Ives Center for the Performing Arts in a special salute to one of the great-

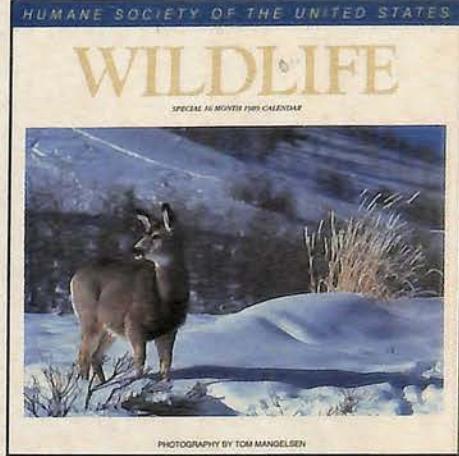
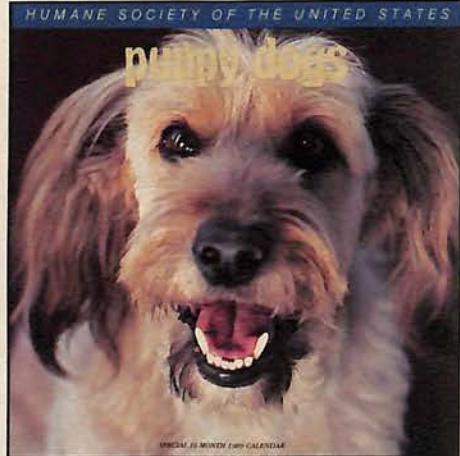
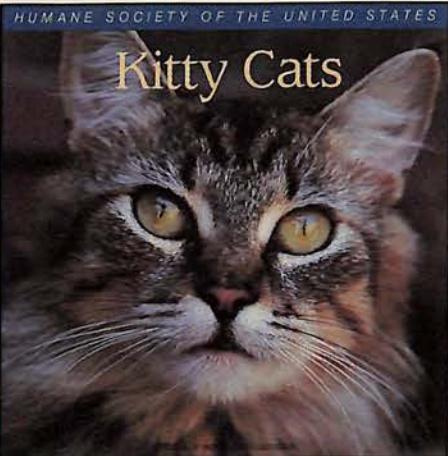
est singers of the century.

Miss Anderson's attitude toward life has not changed. It might be summed up in a comment she made to me recently: "My dear, let us take each day as it comes and be thankful." —Michael Sweeley

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GLOBE PHOTOS



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**TROUBLE AHEAD** Chiang Kai-shek resigns as President of China . . . South African race riots kill 100 . . . Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty sentenced to life in prison for treason against Hungary . . . Berlin bars film of *Oliver Twist*, calling Fagan portrayal anti-Semitic.

**MAKING A POINT** Joe DiMaggio gets unprecedented \$90,000 contract from Yankees . . . Joe Louis retires after 25 successful title defenses and one loss . . . Dick Button is world champion figure skater . . . George Mikan of Minneapolis Lakers scores 48 points against N.Y. Knicks, is named greatest basketball player of first half-century.



PICTORIAL PARADE

**SMART PLAYS** *Quiz Kids* debuts on television . . . *These Are My Children* first TV soap opera . . . On Broadway: Clifford Odets's *The Big Knife*, Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, musical version of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* with Carol Channing.

**COMING RIGHT UP:**



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CBS PHOTOGRAPHY



page 46

PICTORIAL PARADE

FILIPACCHI/PARIS MATCH

The "Huck Finn of radio and television" became the first performer with two weekly prime-time TV programs on the air concurrently.

# It's Arthur Godfrey Time

By John Crosby

**A**s the last strains of "Seems Like Old Times" faded, the voice came over the airwaves—"Howaya, howaya, howaya?"—followed by a patented chuckle. Throughout the 1950's millions of television viewers knew that voice as if it belonged to a member of the family, which is how many of us regarded Arthur Godfrey. In January 1949, with the addition of *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends* to the CBS television roster just five weeks after the debut of *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, he became the first performer in the young medium's history to have two weekly prime-time programs on the air concurrently.

Television deepened the love affair between Godfrey and the American public that had begun on radio in 1945. And it vastly increased his fame and popularity. But while Godfrey made a few concessions to the new medium (like adding the celebrated *Talent Scouts* applause meter), he basically stuck to the formula that had made him a radio star: a mix of interview, monologue, chuckle, chitchat and music.

On *Friends* the music was provided by his regulars: Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe, Julius LaRosa, Haleloke, the Chordettes and Carmel Quinn. On *Scouts* it came from up-and-coming performers,



PICTORIAL PARADE

**Behind his impish grin Godfrey hid an obsessive need to control; he paid his performers as little as possible and frowned upon outside work. CBS was dependent on him; one year he brought \$22 million into the network's coffers.**

many of whom went on to become stars in their own galaxies: Rosemary Clooney, Tony Bennett, Steve Lawrence, Al Martino, Leslie Uggams, Roy Clark, Patsy Cline, Eddie Fisher and Vic Damone. (Both Buddy Holly and Elvis Presley flunked auditions for the show.) Others, such as Pat Boone and the McGuire Sisters, became regulars on *Friends*.

For nearly a decade, Godfrey dominated television like no performer before or since. By 1951 *Scouts* was the top-rated television program in the country; *Friends* was number three. With his *Arthur Godfrey Time* on the air five mornings a week as well (beginning in 1952), he presided over a remarkable four hours of CBS network television each and every week. At his peak in the early 50's, his shows contributed a staggering 12 percent of the network's total revenue.

The network considered Godfrey's shows so valuable that it paid a talented entertainer, Peter Lind Hayes, a munificent salary merely to stand by, ready to step in if the superstar got sick, which he rarely did. (One year, CBS stockholders raised the roof because Hayes had been paid a quarter of a million dollars for what turned out to be about nine hours of on-air work.)

If Godfrey had fallen under a bus—or



worse, defected to a rival network—CBS might have had trouble meeting its payroll. Frank Stanton, who was then president of CBS, said to me at the time, "Never again will CBS allow itself to be so dependent on one man."

And what was the fuss all about? Arthur Godfrey was, as Fred Allen put it, the Huck Finn of radio and television. He would come into our living rooms dressed in a short-sleeved Hawaiian shirt, strumming his ukulele, a shock of his red hair falling over one eye, a mischievous smile on his cherubic face, singing in that beery baritone of his: "You can have her, I don't want her, she's too fat for me."

"Gather around, chillun. What have we today?" He'd banter with Archie Bleyer, his orchestra leader, or with the mellow-voiced announcer, Tony Marvin, or with some other of what he called the Little Godfreys, his family of entertainers. He'd read a hangover recipe in what Fred Allen described as his "barefoot" voice, adding, "My, my, my. Serves six, it says. Serves 'em right, too." Then he might complain about the sameness of commercials, wishing aloud for something different, like, "She's ugly, she's divorced, she uses Bab-o." Then homespun advice: "If you're harboring a special hate for someone, get rid of it, you'll feel better."

He'd tell you what he did the night before, what he ate and what he thought—all of it as folksy and American as . . .



CBS PHOTOGRAPHY

**An accomplished but cocky pilot, Godfrey once buzzed a control tower because he didn't care for his flight instructions.**

well, as Arthur Godfrey. Moms loved him; he was the son they wished they'd had. So did Dad; he was as comfortable as a pair of slippers. He was loved by the taxi drivers, the cemetery plot salesmen, the short-order cooks and the sailors, all of whose jobs he once had done himself.

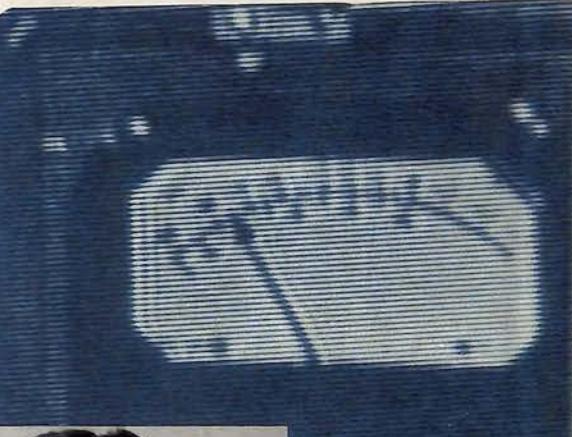
It was TV's age of informality, and God knows you couldn't get any more unbuttoned than Arthur Godfrey. On his radio show, he'd even feed lunch to his studio audience. Though I wasn't wild about his

prime-time efforts, I loved his morning shows. They bubbled. They made you feel good. Godfrey was exuberant, and he lit up his audience with his vitality. What he did was pure television of a kind that has altogether disappeared.

He was not everyone's cup of tea. Some entertainers complained that he was the No Talent Man on *Talent Scouts*. He couldn't act, dance, sing or tell jokes. Yet there he was—at the top of the greasy pole. No wonder they resented him.

They also underestimated him. As an occasional guest on his shows, I can testify to the tremendous professional ease with which he handled his regulars, his guests, the audience and, above all, time, which is the essence of television. Time slipped by imperceptibly, and all of a sudden—it always seemed much too soon—he was saying goodbye and God-blessing you. (He was always blessing us. Even when he awoke after surgery on his hip, his first words were, "Bless you all.")

Godfrey was one of the world's great salesmen. Right there on the air he'd drink the orange juice (he owned stock in the company) or slurp the soup or demonstrate one of his 13 other sponsors' products. He said he'd never push a product he didn't like and use himself. I believed him, and so did millions of others. He could empty shelves in every store in the country, and it



## TALENT SCOUTS GRADS



Steve Lawrence



Leslie Uggams



Eddie Fisher



Patsy Cline

didn't matter that he often ad-libbed at the sponsors' expense. ("I see lots of noodles. I do not see any chicken," he once observed, examining a cup of Lipton's chicken soup. He tasted it. "Yes, that is chicken. It might have walked through the water once.") In fact, the audience ate it up, then went out and bought the soup.

Although that lazy voice always sounded vaguely Southern, Godfrey was born and brought up in the Bronx, not far from the Polo Grounds. At an early age, he went to sea as a radioman third class with the U.S. Navy. For years after, he told many a tale about his Navy years, some of them true. When he got out of the Navy he became a disk jockey, and a very successful one, in Washington, D.C.

In 1931 Godfrey was involved in an almost-fatal car crash that hobbled him for life and changed his on-air style. Lying in the hospital, listening to the radio, Godfrey found the announcers pre-

tentious, preachy. Once he got back on the air, he slowed his tempo to a walk; he began talking as if to one person in a living room. Not millions, just one. This was his great gift, and while dozens of others imitated him, none did it half so well.

At his zenith, in 1953, Godfrey required a hip operation. For the three months he was off the air, darkness fell on the earth. His return was greeted like the Second Coming. CBS and A.T.&T. spent three months and \$100,000 building a 144-foot

tower on Godfrey's Virginia farm to relay the great man's re-emergence to his millions of worshipers around the country. At the appointed hour, there he was, in flowered Hawaiian shirt and bare feet, blessing us, thanking God no American boys were dying anywhere in the world. The show peaked when he threw away his crutches, walked unsteadily to his swimming pool and dived in.

Not surprisingly, as his wealth and influence increased, Godfrey outgrew his Huck Finn charm. He took to boasting about his two airplanes, his 1,200 acres, his thoroughbreds and his important friends: Hap Arnold, head of the Air Force; Charlie Wilson, president of General Motors; Eddie Rickenbacker, president of Eastern Airlines. Rumors even circulated that he had his eye on the White House. (And who knows? At the end of his TV run, on the eve of the 1960

Presidential election, a nationwide poll determined that 71 percent of the public recognized John Kennedy's face; 91 percent recognized Godfrey's.)

Backlash was inevitable. *Radio-Television* magazine commented sourly: "The deification of Arthur Godfrey has been in progress for some time. It's only a matter of time before the second syllable of Godfrey will be forgotten."

But it was the 1953 firing of his lead singer, baby-faced Julius LaRosa, right on



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**Godfrey's popularity waned in the late 50's. Still, prior to the 1960 election, 9 out of 10 polled Americans identified his photo; only 7 of 10 recognized JFK.**

**Godfrey boosted many unknowns to stardom, but Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly were not among them. Both flunked their Talent Scouts auditions.**



Vic Damone



Roy Clark



Rosemary Clooney



Tony Bennett

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

the air, that marked the turning point for Godfrey. As LaRosa finished singing "Manhattan," Godfrey stepped into view and announced that the singer had just delivered his "swan song." LaRosa, Godfrey told the press later, had "lost his humility." (LaRosa had hired his own lawyer and agent to line up outside appearances and a recording deal.) Sacking employees on the air did not go down well with Godfrey's fans. Two years later he sacked six other Little Godfreys, again for "disloyalty," and the public's distaste grew. By then his TV ratings had fallen. In April 1959, after learning that he had cancer, Godfrey left television altogether, though he beat the disease and stayed on CBS radio until 1972.

I liked Godfrey, though I was always a little afraid of him. There is an aura about a great idol that is very intimidating. I once joined his wife and some of the cast for a trip to Jamaica; we flew there from Miami in Godfrey's plane, which he piloted himself. (He was an excellent if cocky pilot who once got into trouble for buzzing an airport control tower because he didn't like his flight instructions.)

We got to know each other a bit better on that trip because we were both early risers. I'd get up at 6 A.M. and head for the ocean. Arthur would be there ahead of me, limping painfully up and down the beach, inspecting every seashell with the insatiable curiosity that was one of his virtues. After my swim we'd have breakfast together, exchanging small talk, avoiding the big subjects. (Godfrey and I were politically miles apart, though he usually rendered his crusty conservatism with a twinkle in his eye.)

One morning on that trip I went snorkeling, something I had done very little of. A strong current swept me much farther from the boat than I had planned to go. I started swimming toward it and suddenly was struggling against that current, not making any headway. Arthur dived right in, gimpish hip and all, swam to me and pulled me back to the boat with those big, powerful arms of his. I'll never forget it.

The more time that passes since his death, in 1983, the clearer it becomes that Godfrey, in his way, was as much of an original as Charlie Chaplin. Both men began their careers when their mediums were new, before the rules were etched, when a fellow could spread his wings and fly as high as he wanted. They were Peck's Bad Boys, yet how innocent they seem today! How much we need them now! ■

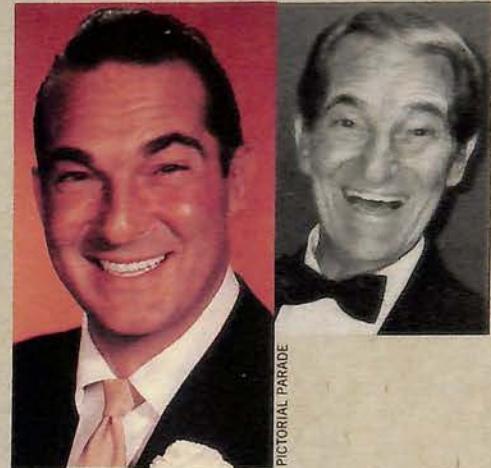
JOHN CROSBY was a nationally syndicated television columnist for more than a decade. He now lives in Virginia, where he writes thrillers.

# And the Little Godfreys

**Julius LaRosa**, 59, has given up trying to put the best face on his famous public firing by Godfrey for losing "his humility" in 1953. "Until 10 years ago I never said an



**Tony Marvin**, 76, the basso profundo announcer, joined Godfrey on radio shortly after World War II and became a fixture on the TV shows as well. A former CBS newscaster, Marvin returned to radio news after Godfrey left TV. "Those last couple of years, Arthur became introspective, irritable," Marvin recalls. That's when some of the



firings happened. They were astounding; we had no idea they were coming."

Marvin and his wife of 51 years, Dorothea, live in Boca Raton, Fla., where he is the announcer for the Boca Raton Pops Symphony.

unkind word about the man," he reports. But LaRosa now admits he is rankled by the memory of his firing. In 1978, Godfrey sought him out to play his Ed McMahon-style sidekick on a talk-show pilot. Godfrey, says LaRosa, used the occasion to attack him verbally. "Good taste dictates that I don't divulge some of the things he said," comments LaRosa. "Besides, what the hell's the difference now?"

After eight years as a New York City disk jockey, LaRosa today sings in nightclubs and concert halls and is a spokesperson for a New York-based cheese company. He and his wife of 32 years, Rory, live in suburban Westchester County.

"He was the toughest boss I ever had, but the fairest," says actor and songwriter **Peter Lind Hayes**, 73, of Godfrey. Hayes used to stand in for Godfrey when the star was absent. With wife Mary Healy, Hayes also appeared in movies and performed in nightclubs. In 1960, the two had their own TV sitcom, *Peter Loves Mary*.

Now semi-retired, the couple divide their time between homes in Las Vegas and New Rochelle, N.Y., where Hayes looks after a marina, one of several family businesses. He is busy writing his autobiography.



Well-paid understudy Peter Lind Hayes also performed with wife Mary Healy.





*In Miami Beach in 1959, Shirley Boone (left) harmonized with Carmel Quinn, husband Pat and "the boss," as Godfrey liked to be called.*

**Pat Boone** replaced LaRosa on *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends* after Boone, a 20-year-old Columbia University undergraduate, won Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* competition. Three years later, when Boone asked for Godfrey's

blessing in starting his own ABC-TV variety show, Godfrey gave it. "The fact that I went to him and asked his advice made all the difference," Boone remembers. "We remained dear friends until he died."

Today a grandfather at 54, Boone hosts and produces "Gospel America," a traveling group of rock gospel singers. He is also a founder, part owner and host of Shop Television Network, a 24-hour shopping channel on cable TV. He and his wife of 35 years, Shirley, also host *Wish You Were Here*, a cable TV show about motor-home and van travel.

Boone says he'd like to recreate the Godfrey days with a TV special featuring the Old Redhead's crew. "I have tried very hard—even back when Arthur was alive—to bring us all together," he says.

**The McGuire Sisters**—Phyllis, 58, Dot, 59, and Chris, 60—the singing daughters of an ordained minister mother from Miamisburg, Ohio, won a *Talent Scouts* competition and subsequently a spot on Godfrey's variety show. Though Godfrey had



fired the trio's predecessors, the Chordettes, over outside recording projects, he apparently was not as strict with the McGuires; they recorded several hit songs during their six-year Godfrey tenure.

After a 17-year hiatus, the sisters recently resurrected their act as the New Original McGuire Sisters. In addition to performing, Chris, a Las Vegas businesswoman, owns restaurants, movie theaters and diet centers. Phyllis, who lives in Las Vegas and New York, sings solo as well as with her sisters. Dorothy is a real estate investor in Scottsdale, Ariz.

**Carmel Quinn**, 58, a native of Ireland, had been in the United States just one month when she auditioned for *Talent Scouts*. She won and was promptly invited to become a



Godfrey regular. "When Arthur asked me to join, I told him I had to think about it. I didn't know if I wanted it all—the top show, the pressure of going from Dublin to Madison Avenue. I worried, would I be able to go for walks in my old sneakers?" She overcame her anxiety and stayed with Godfrey—"He was so fair, so good to me"—for six years.

Each year Quinn gives a traditional St. Patrick's Day concert at Carnegie Hall in New York; she also performs regularly on the nightclub circuit and gives lectures on comedy. The mother of three grown children, Quinn lives in New Jersey.



*Totally at ease on-camera, Godfrey, here with the McGuire Sisters in the mid-50's, had a calming effect on others.*

*Her adoring public reacted with shock and dismay when the symbol of celluloid virtue abandoned her husband and daughter.*

# Notorious

By Cliff Rothman and Peter Scallion



PICTORIAL PARADE

**"People saw me in *Joan of Arc* and declared me a saint," Bergman said. "I'm not. I'm just a woman, another human being."**

**I**t was her arrival in Italy 40 years ago, on March 20, 1949, that launched the biggest scandal in Hollywood history. Ingrid Bergman—wife and mother—was entangled with Italian avant-garde film director Roberto Rossellini, himself a married man.

In 1949, of course, extramarital affairs were only whispered about. But this was no ordinary affair. This involved Saint Ingrid, symbol of celluloid virtue, and she had to be burned at the stake of public opinion as a sacrifice to mid-century mores. Instead of whispers, the affair elicited cries of shock and outrage—from the press, official Hollywood, the moviegoing public, the Vatican, even the U.S. Congress.

For breaking the rules of marriage and motherhood Bergman was forced to abandon Hollywood, her adopted country and her only child, 10-year-old Pia. "It was absolute hell," she wrote years later. "I cried so much I thought there couldn't be any tears left. I felt the newspapers were right. I'd abandoned my husband and child. I was an awful woman. But I hadn't meant it that way."

The international press swarmed when Bergman and Rossellini went together to a remote island off the Italian coast two weeks after her arrival in Italy. And in April and May, when Bergman as much as admitted her adultery, the scandal burst onto the pages of newspapers around the world.

The affair was tailor-made for the tabloids. Ingrid's Swedish husband, the aloof, rational dentist-turned-neurosurgeon Petter Lindstrom, was pitted against the passionate, bohemian Rossellini. Hollywood director Billy Wilder knew Rossellini and remembers him as a "fearless" man. "He loved speed, he drove a Ferrari, and he loved to race—on the freeways, on the autobahns," Wilder recalls. "He was poised and charming," says Bergman's confidante, Irene Mayer Selznick, the wife of producer David O. Selznick. She remembers Lindstrom, on the other hand, as "plain-spoken, strict and righteous."

PICTORIAL PARADE





UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



All was friendly when Rossellini, Bergman and Petter Lindstrom got together at a 1948 screening (far left). But as the director and the actress became friendlier, the husband's smile evaporated. Above: Ingrid knits on the set of *Stromboli*.



**The proud host, Rossellini showed Bergman his Italy, including this ruined castle on Stromboli. "He always got what he wanted," Bergman said later.**



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Bergman herself wrote in her autobiography, "I think that deep down I was in love with Roberto from the moment I saw his film *Open City*, for I could never get over the fact that he was always in my thoughts."

After seeing *Open City* and prompted by Irene Selznick, Bergman had written Rossellini a fan letter in the spring of 1948. "If you need a Swedish actress who speaks English very well," she said, "who has not forgotten her German, who is not very understandable in French, and who in Italian knows only *ti amo*, I am ready to come and make a film with you." It was the approach of one artist to another. Or was it?

The director cabled back: "I just received with great emotion your letter which happens to arrive on the anniversary of my birthday as the most precious gift. It is absolutely true that I dreamed to make a film with you. . . ." He hastily rewrote for Bergman the script of *Stromboli*, in which his wife, the actress Anna Magnani, had been promised the lead. When Magnani found out, she threw a bowl of spaghetti in Rossellini's face. One day soon after that, while the two were staying at a hotel in Rome, Roberto told her he was going out to walk the dog. He never returned. Thus the stage was set for the most talked-about affair of the time.

Despite high critical praise, Rossellini was still struggling, making his films on a shoestring. Bergman, on the other hand, had been a sensation since 1939, when

**The scandal surrounding *Stromboli* drew curious crowds on opening day, but the film was a critical and box-office flop. Mario Vitale (left, with Bergman) co-starred.**

David Selznick brought her from Sweden to Hollywood to co-star with Leslie Howard in *Intermezzo*. Taking control of her career, he cast her in a series of critical and box-office bonanzas: *Casablanca* in 1942; *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in 1943; *Gaslight*, for which she won an Oscar, in 1944; and 1945's *Spellbound* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*, that year's biggest moneymaker. To the critics and her public Ingrid Bergman could do no wrong. Until Rossellini.

The lovers-to-be met for the first time in Paris in September 1948, ostensibly to talk about *Stromboli*, the first of seven ill-fated movies they would make together. "We were introduced and Petter [Lindstrom] said something to me, and I didn't hear him," Bergman wrote later. "I was looking at those dark eyes of Roberto's."

Rossellini came to New York in January 1949, en route to see Bergman in Hollywood. "I just arrived friendly," he cabled to Bergman. "Waiting for you in the wild West," she responded. She prepared for his arrival by putting down a 30-foot red carpet in front of the Lindstrom house.

"I was uncontrollably nervous," Bergman remembered. "When he walked in, I couldn't talk. I tried to light a cigarette but my hand trembled so much that the flame died out."

But the real flame had only begun to burn. Toward the end of one Hollywood dinner party, Bergman approached her husband, who had been standing alone for most of the evening, and told him: "Mr. Rossellini is going to take me home. May I have the key please?" Producer Sam Goldwyn remarked, "They're either having an affair or about to have one."

By the time Bergman arrived in Rome two months later to begin filming *Stromboli*, the press, paparazzi and publicists—not to mention throngs of fans—were buzzing with excitement. Playing the proud host, Rossellini showed her his country—the villages, the winding roads, the gorgeous countryside. She was swept away by the director's suave manner. He seemed to know everybody. And everything.

"I knew that he liked me," Bergman wrote. "I realize now he was certain he could win me over once I was in Italy. He always got what he wanted. And at that time he wanted me." (Laurence Leamer reported in his 1986 biography of Bergman, *As Time Goes By*, that Rossellini had "bragged so to his male friends about his intentions toward this American star that Ingrid Bergman, the person, seemed hardly more than an object to enhance his ego.")

# STARRING INGRID BERGMAN

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES



INTERMEZZO (1939)  
with Leslie Howard

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES



CASABLANCA (1942) with Paul Henreid,  
Claude Rains and Humphrey Bogart

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES



FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS  
(1943) with Gary Cooper

SPELLBOUND (1945)  
with Gregory Peck

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES



SPELLBOUND (1945)  
with Gregory Peck



GASLIGHT (1944)  
with Charles Boyer

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

40

years  
ago

After two weeks of playing tourists, Rossellini and Bergman left for the island of Stromboli, where Rossellini went skin diving and speared fish to put on Bergman's plate. Ten days after their arrival, she wired Irene Selznick: "We don't have time to write because we are so happy." She signed herself "Bergelini."

The island was soon under siege. Boats shuttled curious visitors to see the pair, and the press followed them everywhere. The shot seen round the world appeared in the May 2, 1949, issue of *Life* magazine. "Strombolian Idyl" ran the headline under a photograph of the two holding hands.

The Motion Picture Association of America cabled Bergman that her behavior would destroy her career and "result in

complete disaster personally." With characteristic grit, she dug in her heels, all but flaunting the affair during the long, turbulent summer the pair spent filming. Lindstrom, who couldn't get through to his wife because of the lack of phones on the island, followed the story of his crumbling marriage in the morning papers. In letters he begged his wife to show some discretion with Rossellini, whom he referred to as "the Italian," adding that it was "about time you grew up." She wrote back, "I have found the place where I want to live, these are my people, and I want to stay here and I'm sorry. . . ." She would later say that her marriage to Lindstrom had been beyond salvation even before she met Rossellini. "There were so many years

when I was just waiting to find somebody who would make me leave. Roberto did that. I didn't think it would upset the whole world."

As the attacks in the press and in Hollywood mounted, she concluded that she had to abandon her career as well as her husband. At a press conference in Rome on Aug. 5 she released a statement: "Persistent malicious gossip that has even reached the point where I am made to appear as a prisoner has obliged me to break my silence and demonstrate my free will. I have instructed my lawyer to start divorce proceedings immediately. Also, with the conclusion of the picture it is my intention to retire into private life." She thought that now at last the storm would die down.

**Rossellini and Bergman  
with son Robertino, born  
three months before his  
parents' May 1950  
wedding, and twins  
Ingrid and Isabella, who  
arrived two years later.  
After the split, Bergman  
maintained custody of  
the children for two  
years, then agreed to let  
them stay in Rome with  
their father.**



DAVID SEYMOUR/MAGNUM



THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S (1945)  
with Bing Crosby

NOTORIOUS (1946)  
with Cary Grant



LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS



ANASTASIA (1956) with Yul Brynner



TEA AND SYMPATHY (1956  
stage performance) with Yves Vincent

KOBAL COLLECTION

BLACK STAR

And maybe it would have. But the day after the press conference, a Rome newspaper printed the news that she was pregnant with Rossellini's child, unleashing a new round of headlines. Denunciations came even from the Vatican. The affair, after all, was taking place in its backyard. Ernest Hemingway was one of the few who defended her. "What's all this nonsense?" he asked. "She's going to have a child. So what? We should celebrate with her, not condemn her."

But Hemingway's words were lost in a torrent of abuse. On March 14, 1950, Bergman was denounced in Washington by Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado. According to him, she was "a powerful influence for evil." Addressing the Senate, he said: "If out of the degradation associated with *Stromboli*, decency and common sense can be established in Hollywood, Ingrid Bergman will not have destroyed her career for naught. Out of her ashes may come a better Hollywood."

Because Italy did not recognize Bergman's Mexican divorce, she and Rossellini could not be married there. So the couple

were wed by legal proxy in Mexico on May 24, 1950. Their first child, whom they named Robertino, had been born three months earlier, and twins, Isabella and Ingrid, followed two years later. In the interim, *Stromboli* was released to withering reviews and scant attendance.

*Stromboli* wouldn't be the couple's only failure. Bergman had changed her mind about abandoning her career and continued to work with Rossellini. "We weren't a good mix," she said of their cinematic relationship. "The world hated the Rossellini version of me, so nothing worked. . . . It was something we did not talk about. But the silences between us grew longer."

**"I didn't find time for the little girl in my house," confessed Bergman late in life. Today that little girl, Pia (left), is an entertainment critic; half-sister Isabella models and acts; Ingrid is a writer, and Robertino is a stockbroker.**

Despite the pair's lack of screen success, the domineering director demanded that Bergman make films with no one else. Her talents were smothered in such forgettable busts as *The Greatest Love* and *Journey to Italy*. Even if these films had been better, they were probably doomed by the public's animosity.

Bergman soon found that the mix was as bad off-screen as on. Rossellini's extravagance left the couple with mounting debts, which worried her but not him. His quick temper and angry outbursts, not to mention his possessiveness and manipulativeness, did not mesh with Bergman's equanimity, honesty and independence. The couple argued constantly. Public censure and Rossellini's extramarital affairs, along with the failed films, eventually destroyed the marriage. The couple were effectively separated by 1956, and an annulment followed.

Bergman went to England to make her first post-Rossellini film, *Anastasia* (1956). It won critical acclaim and brought the actress her second Oscar; it also revived the affection the Hollywood commu-



PICTORIAL PARADE



EVE ARNOLD/MAGNUM



DI FILIPPO/OUTLINE PRESS

ELÈNA ET LES HOMMES  
(1956)



RENE BURR/MAGNUM

40  
years  
ago

nity had long withheld from her. That year, too, Bergman gave a smashing stage performance in a Paris production of *Tea and Sympathy*. When she visited the U.S. briefly in 1957, she found the public enthusiastic about her recent work and unconcerned about her past. Free now from Rossellini's directorial yoke, she began to rebuild her career.

The next year Bergman married Swedish producer Lars Schmidt. They spent most of their time in Paris, and Bergman, who had won custody of the three children she had with Rossellini, agreed to let them stay with their father in Rome.

Bergman starred with Cary Grant in *Indiscreet* in 1958, and a year later she won an Emmy for her part in a television dramatization of Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*. Her 1961 French film, *Aimez-Vous Brahms?* (released in the United States as *Goodbye Again*), was successful in Europe but a flop here. She starred in a film version of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* in 1963 and, later that year, repeated the role for TV. After 21 years away from the Broadway stage, Bergman returned in 1967 to play in Eugene O'Neill's *Stately Mansions*. Two years later, *Cactus Flower*, her first Hollywood movie in two decades, was released. She went on to win her third Academy Award, for best supporting actress, in *Murder on the Orient Express* in 1974. As she grew older, audiences could see, beneath the radiant beauty, other aspects of Bergman's talent. The actress so vilified in her prime became enshrined as a Hollywood legend.

For the last eight years of her life, Bergman fought a courageous battle against breast cancer. She talked openly about her illness and seemed to defy it with outstanding performances in Ingmar Bergman's *Autumn Sonata* (1978) and the TV movie *A Woman Called Golda* (1982), in which she played the Israeli Prime Minis-

AIMEZ-VOUS BRAHMS? (1961) with  
Tony Perkins and Yves Montand



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION



INDISCREET  
(1958) with Cary Grant

PICTORIAL PARADE

CACTUS FLOWER (1969)  
with Goldie Hawn



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



THE VISIT (1964)

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

ter Golda Meir. It was to be her last role. She died on Aug. 29, 1982, her 67th birthday, only months after completing it. (Rossellini had died in Rome five years before, at the age of 71.)

In addition to 47 films, she left behind four children. Robertino, now 38, is a stockbroker in Monte Carlo. Isabella, 36, is a model and actress (*Blue Velvet*) who lives in New York with her daughter, Elettra Ingrid, age 5. Isabella is divorced from Elettra's father, filmmaker Jonathan Wiedemann, and from Martin Scorsese, the director of *The Last Temptation of Christ*. Her twin sister, Ingrid, also lives in New York, with her 10-year-old son, Tomasso. Also divorced, she is a writer.

It was Bergman's first child, Pia Lindstrom, now 50, who took the brunt of the storm surrounding her mother's tumultuous affair. "I was too young to be a mother, too immature," Bergman said in an

interview shortly before her death. "I was so wound up in my career and Hollywood's star system and all that, I didn't find time for the little girl in my house."

Now a film and theater critic for WNBC-TV in New York, Pia is divorced and the mother of two sons, Justin, 15, and Nicholas, 13. She doesn't like to talk about the scandal that engulfed her 40 years ago, but she does speak of her mother with understanding and sympathy: "Her image was this very special good girl who never wore any makeup, was scrubbed fresh and clean. Today we live in a time when nobody aspires to have this good-girl image. People reveal their addictions, divorces, early seductions, abortions. Now everybody likes to be a bad girl."

CLIFF ROTHMAN is an entertainment writer living in Los Angeles. PETER SCALLION is an associate editor at MD magazine.



BENAMI NEUMANN/GAMMA-LIAISON

**Courageously fighting cancer in her later years, Bergman was picked to play another courageous woman, Golda Meir, in a 1982 TV film. The role would be her last.**

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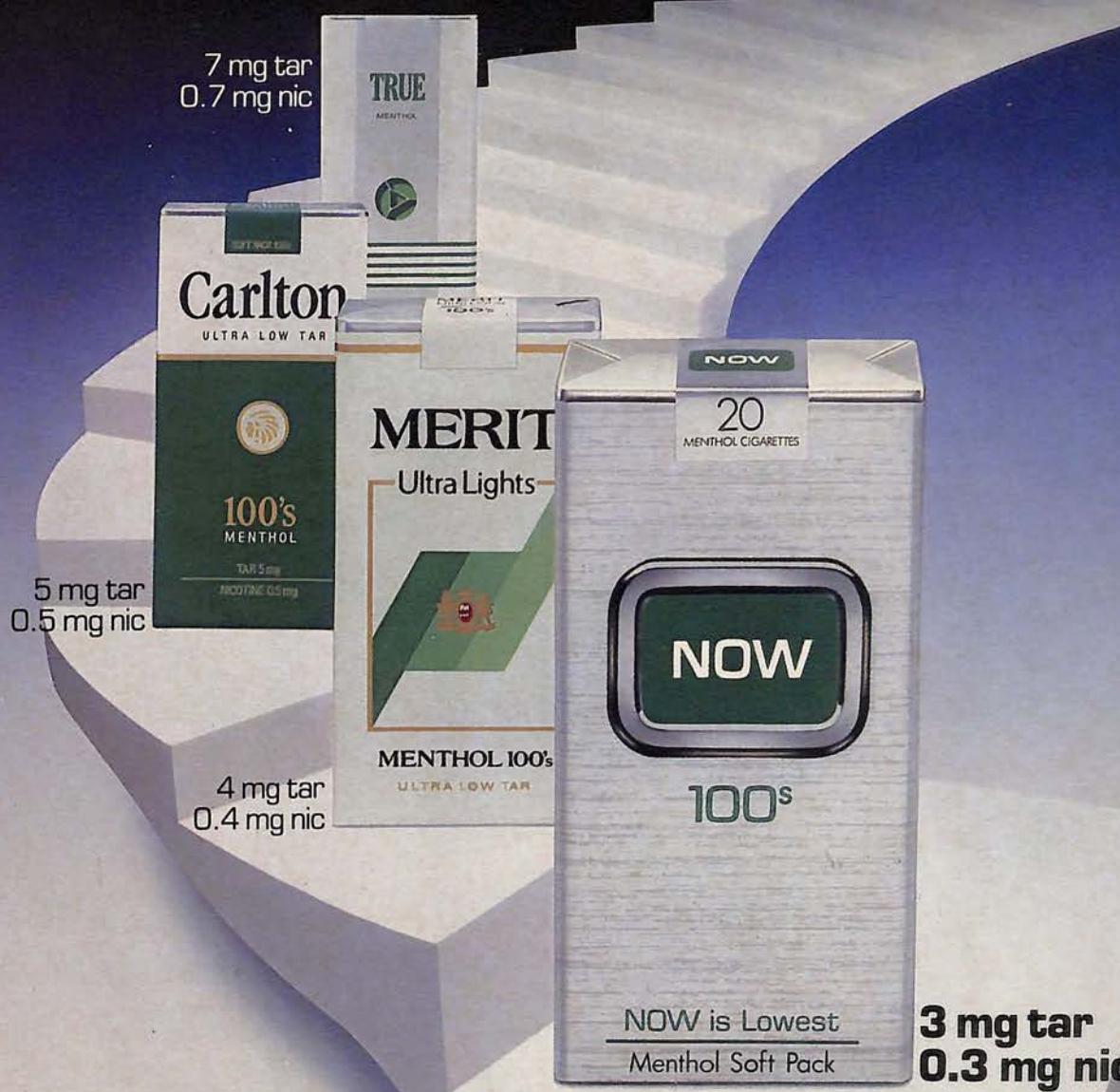
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30

years  
ago

PICTORIAL PARADE



IKE: Welcomes Alaska and Hawaii



APWIDE WORLD PHOTOS

**MOVING RIGHT ALONG** American Airlines introduces commercial jet travel . . . British Lightning P-1 flies at twice the speed of sound . . . NASA selects 110 candidates for first U.S. space flight . . . U.S. launches first weather satellite . . . Soviets send rocket past moon.



CULVER PICTURES



PHOTOFEST

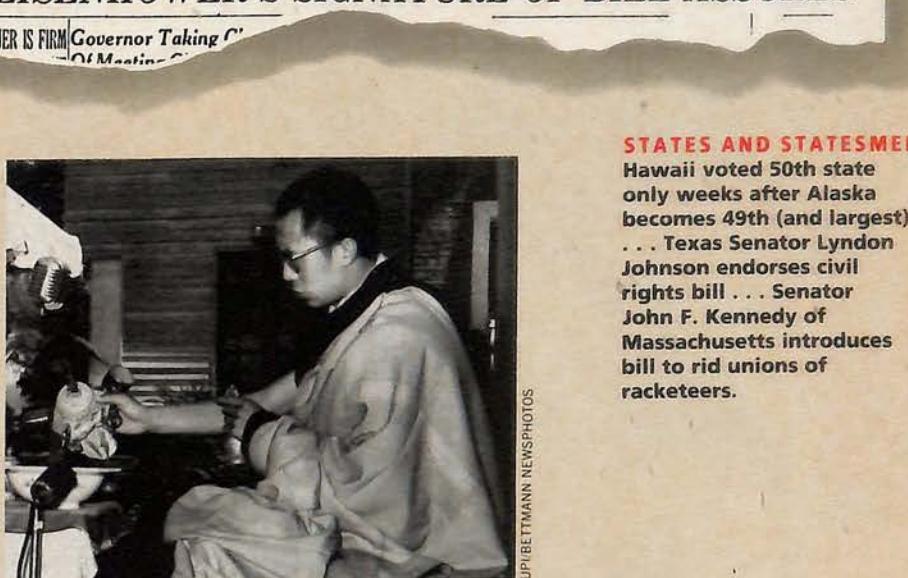
**TEARS AND LAUGHTER** Tony Curtis fools Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot* . . . Walt Disney's *Sleeping Beauty* costs a healthy \$6 million . . . On Broadway: Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*, Tennessee Williams's *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

That's it to print  
VOL. CVIII, NO. 349  
NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1959.  
HAWAII IS VOTED INTO UNION AS 50TH STATE;  
HOUSE GRANTS FINAL APPROVAL, 323 TO 89;  
EISENHOWER'S SIGNATURE OF BILL ASSURED

ADENAUER IS FIRM Governor Taking C  
Of Meeting G

Partly cloudy, moist, 60°-65°. Rain  
possible. Chance of rain 10-20%.  
Temp. 40°-50°. Wind 10-15 mph.

FIVE CENTS



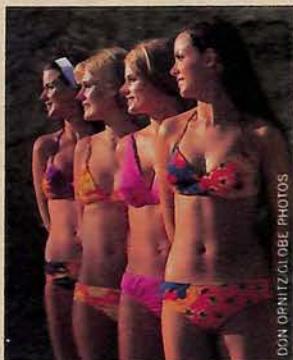
UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**STATES AND STATESMEN**

Hawaii voted 50th state only weeks after Alaska becomes 49th (and largest) . . . Texas Senator Lyndon Johnson endorses civil rights bill . . . Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts introduces bill to rid unions of racketeers.



PICTORIAL PARADE



DON ORNITZ/GLOBE PHOTOS



APWIDE WORLD PHOTOS

**COMING RIGHT UP:**

PICTORIAL PARADE

page 56

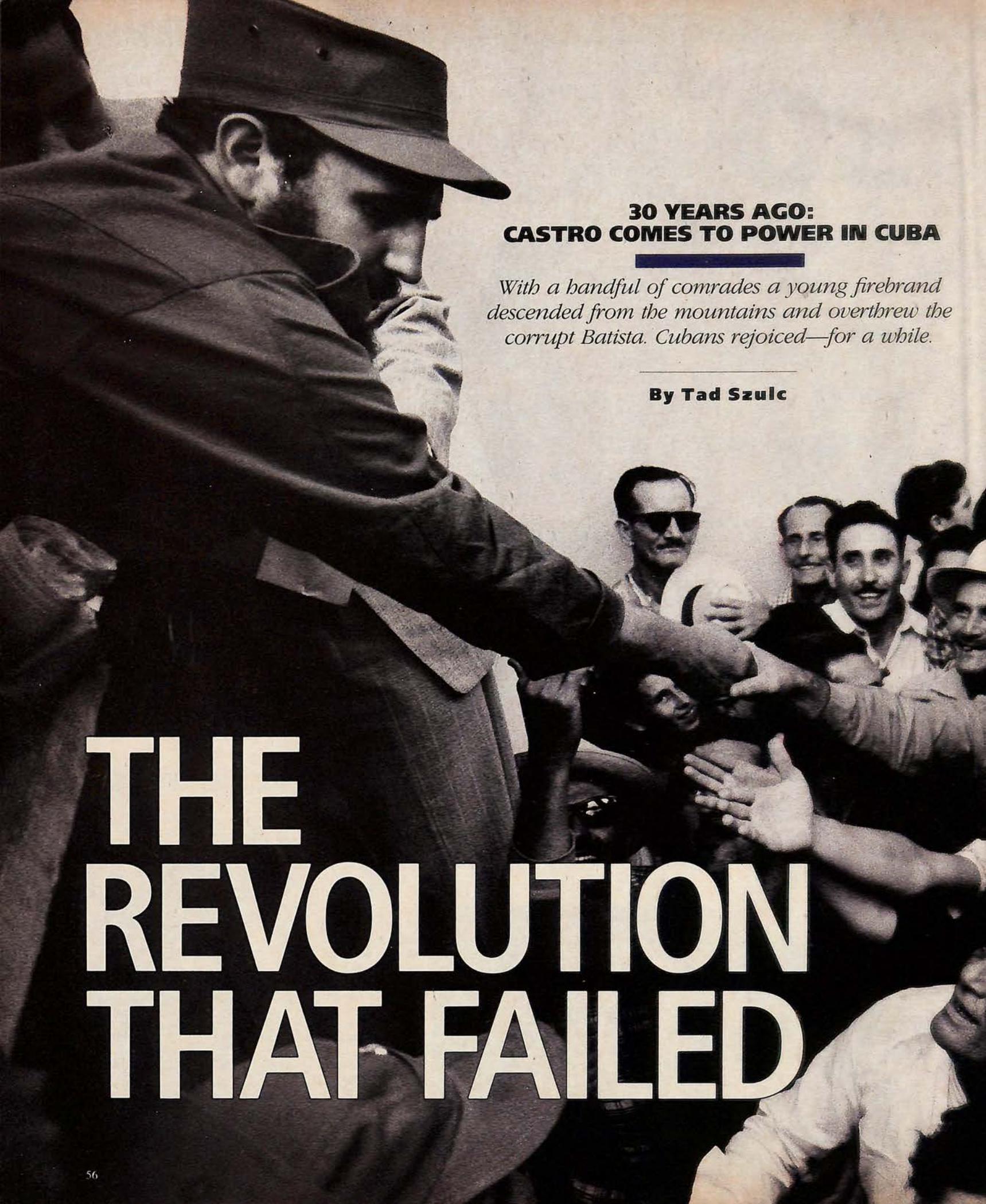


Buddy Holly  
Brown-Eyed Handsome Man

Watching the Diddley True-Love Ways

page 61

BILL GRIGGS/BUDDY HOLLY MEMORIAL SOCIETY



**30 YEARS AGO:**  
**CASTRO COMES TO POWER IN CUBA**

*With a handful of comrades a young firebrand descended from the mountains and overthrew the corrupt Batista. Cubans rejoiced—for a while.*

**By Tad Szulc**

# THE REVOLUTION THAT FAILED



Castro greets a wildly enthusiastic crowd in January 1959. He constantly fanned excitement with speeches and appearances, irresistible slogans and eloquent appeals. It seemed like a perpetual feast. These were probably the happiest days in Cuba's history.



JEAN RAE BURN/BLACK STAR



ELLIOTT ERWITT/MAGNUM

**Above:** Celia Sánchez, Castro's devoted companion, secretary and lover, the only one who could tell him he was wrong. **Top right:** His brother Raúl, Castro's designated successor. **Right:** Ernesto (Che) Guevara, Castro's only intellectual equal.

first met Fidel Castro Ruz one midnight in February of 1959, after mutual friends had arranged a dinner at the Habana Libre (formerly the Havana Hilton). I had been hoping to meet him since his triumphant entry into the capital on a tank six weeks earlier. Although he was Cuba's liberator and the Western world's latest hero, nobody knew quite what to make of this eccentric, 32-year-old bearded giant, or of his revolution. To be invited to dine with Fidel (as he was already known to six million Cubans) was an extraordinary opportunity for an American reporter.

That mad Havana night began with a steak dinner in the Hilton's main kitchen, continued for hours of nonstop conversation in the penthouse suite he kept at the hotel, included a predawn dash to a moonlit beach and ended in a coffee shop in full daylight. Castro spoke passionately of the need for land reform, universal education and economic development. I came away from that first meeting feeling that he would gradually move Cuba toward democracy and social justice, the latter absent from most Latin American countries, even the democracies.

Although he did say he felt that the United States would not tolerate radical

changes in Cuba and also spoke of nationalizing some foreign holdings, I did not get the impression of an impending Marxist-Leninist revolution. (Moscow, at the time, was not particularly impressed with Fidel, seeing him as an adventurer who had won power against all Leninist revolutionary principles.)

My most recent meetings with Castro took place in 1984 and 1985 in Havana, where I was researching my biography of him. Though I had not seen him since a few days after the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion, meeting him again was like resuming a conversation interrupted only the day before. On one occasion we talked for the better part of three days and nights. Over several months, we met often in his office in the Palace of the Revolution, at Palace receptions, at international conferences in Havana, and once at my rented villa. He was invariably relaxed, casual, even chatty. We were both approaching 60 and, I suppose, were in a reflective mood. Both of us seemed to be looking back at our lives and at history, each in his own way.

Hindsight is a great simplifier; still, I came away from these conversations, and from the scores of interviews I conducted with his friends and associates, convinced that everything that had happened on Fi-

del's island—the rise of a Communist dictatorship and the almost mythic efforts to create "the new Socialist man"—was foreordained by his character. Although the picture I have of Castro is a complex one, full of subtle lights and shadows, I am certain that he has not fundamentally changed in the three turbulent decades I have observed him. I am also certain that this immutability of character, which stood him in good stead at the beginning, accounts for his ultimate failure as the leader of a nation.

In those heady first days of 1959, neither the Cubans nor the Americans knew much about Castro. But there was a deep desire to trust him and to trust his revolu-

## CASTRO'S CUBA

tion, the *good* revolution. After all, had he not come down from his hideout in the Sierra Maestra and, with just a handful of rifle-wielding *barbudos* (bearded ones), destroyed the mighty military forces of the corrupt Gen. Fulgencio Batista? Had he not made Cuba free and just and happy? Was he not the answer to centuries of Cuban prayers? Had the great majority of Cubans not responded to his coming with adulation and joy? Surely these were the happiest days in Cuba's history.

Fidel fanned the excitement with speeches and appearances, with irresistible slogans and eloquent appeals. It was like a perpetual feast. He made a symbolic week-long march to Havana from Santiago, in the island's easternmost corner, where he had fought his guerrilla war, and was cheered every step of the way. One night in the capital he spoke to tens of thousands of adoring Cubans (and millions more on television). As he reached his oratorial crescendo, a white dove alighted on his shoulder. The crowd went mad. The dove was a sign. God was blessing Fidel. When the weekly magazine *Bohemia* published a photograph showing him with a halo, he didn't object. This was a leader who understood the spiritual needs of his people.

Cubans love songs and singing, and the revolution brought forth a torrent of music. At small bars in Old Havana poets and singers composed lyrics and tunes. Some were quite moving, like the "Hymn to the Revolution," now a kind of national anthem. I still think it is the most inspiring marching song since the "Marseillaise."

Virtually every afternoon and night during those intoxicating first days, huge crowds congregated on the vast Revolution Square to hear Fidel exhort, promise, threaten and cajole. *Habaneros* (people of Havana) blended with the *guajiros* (peasants) in their big straw hats to make a vast, heaving mass. The mountain *guajiros* had been Castro's first supporters; without them Fidel and his invading band of 81 rebels would never have survived. Now they proudly paraded through the city, their machetes a fierce symbol of revolutionary power.

Fidel's eccentricities enchanted most of Cuba. Nobody seemed much to mind his chronic lateness or the happy chaos he personified. He restlessly rushed from place to place in a motorcade of Oldsmobiles full of his *compañeros* (comrades) and his tough, armed bodyguards. Much of the time, even his closest aides did not know where he was. He would turn up at the Hilton to nap and eat and chat with friends and well-wishers, then race to a seaside villa lent him by a rich supporter, or to the apartment of Celia Sánchez, his

devoted companion, secretary and lover. Or he'd appear at an embassy reception, or at Havana University (his alma mater), or at a friend's home, or at the Rebel Army barracks, or at a rural farm to check on sugar cane and cattle production. When the spirit moved him he would take a Central Bank checkbook from his olive-drab uniform shirt and write a check for, say, a million pesos to have a bridge repaired.

Like the rest of Cuba, Havana was awash in weapons. Rebel Army soldiers and newly recruited militiamen (and militiawomen) carried sidearms and submachine guns. It was a measure of the joyful—not vengeful—character of the revolution that almost no shots were fired in anger, that the guerrillas and their new allies (now almost every Cuban was a sworn *Fidelista*) rarely took justice into their own hands, rarely took revenge against the hated and brutal Batista police. (Punishment of Batista officials, however, would soon be meted out by Castro's new tribunals. Hundreds of executions were ordered. Many of them were performed publicly, and this gave an ominous atmosphere to the revolution.)

If Castro was the central actor in a continuous guerrilla theater, he enjoyed a colorful supporting cast. It included younger brother Raúl, with his scraggly beard and ponytail (to me, he seemed the toughest of them all), and Ernesto (Che) Guevara, an Argentine doctor who was Fidel's only intellectual equal in the ruling hierarchy. Che would be killed in 1967 as he led a doomed guerrilla force dispatched to the mountains of Bolivia. Then came Camilo Cienfuegos, the ardently beloved commander (under Fidel) of the army; he would perish in an aircraft accident 10 months into the revolution. And just off-stage, always present, was Celia Sánchez, a woman of tact and compassion, the only person who dared tell Fidel to his face that he was wrong. When she died of cancer in 1980, Fidel was plunged into a loneliness from which he never fully recovered. Out of the entire original cast only Raúl, his designated successor as president, chief of the army and secretary general of the ruling party, survives.

This, then, was the spectacle of the revolution at the very beginning. But what was Castro thinking as he consolidated his power?

At first, he preached and promised liberal democracy. In the month following Batista's fall, he seemed uninterested in politics and day-to-day government. He could easily have proclaimed himself president—it was a Latin American tradition. But he preferred that Manuel Urrutia Lleó, the mild-mannered judge from Santiago,

**January 1959:** Castro defeats the Batista army, causing the president to seek asylum in Santo Domingo. Tribunals are set up to try former Batista officials. At least 550 are later executed.

**May 1959:** Castro seizes all U.S.-owned sugar mills.

**February 1960:** The Soviets sign an accord to buy Cuban sugar in exchange for Soviet oil. Castro nationalizes all Cuban industries.

**September 1960:** Castro, addressing the U.N.'s General Assembly, calls the U.S. "imperialist."

**October 1960:** Castro nationalizes all banks and businesses. The U.S. embargoes all U.S. exports to Cuba except food and medicine.

**January 1961:** The U.S. breaks diplomatic relations with Cuba.

**April 1961:** 1,400 exiled Cubans, trained and supplied by the C.I.A., attempt an invasion at the Bay of Pigs. The attempt is thwarted.

**May 1961:** Castro announces Cuba's alignment with the U.S.S.R. and the Soviet Bloc nations.

**February 1962:** JFK orders a ban on all Cuban imports to the U.S.

**April 1962:** 1,179 Cubans captured in the Bay of Pigs invasion are convicted of "crimes committed against the nation"; most will later be released after the U.S. agrees to send Cuba \$53 million in food and medicine.

**October 1962:** JFK, reacting to the presence of Soviet missile bases in Cuba, orders a naval and aerial blockade.

**November 1962:** Negotiations with Premier Khrushchev lead to the withdrawal of Soviet missiles.

**April 1963:** Castro visits the U.S.S.R. to reaffirm Soviet-Cuban friendship.

**January 1969:** The hijacking of U.S. aircraft to Cuba escalates.

**May 1972:** Castro leaves Cuba for a two-month tour of 10 countries. His first stop is Moscow, where he makes official Cuba's membership in the Communist common market, Comecon.

**January 1974:** Leonid Brezhnev visits Cuba, becoming the first Soviet premier to do so.

**August 1975:** The U.S. lifts its ban on exports to Cuba.

**December 1975:** Cuban troops bearing Soviet arms aid the Popular Movement of the Liberation of Angola.

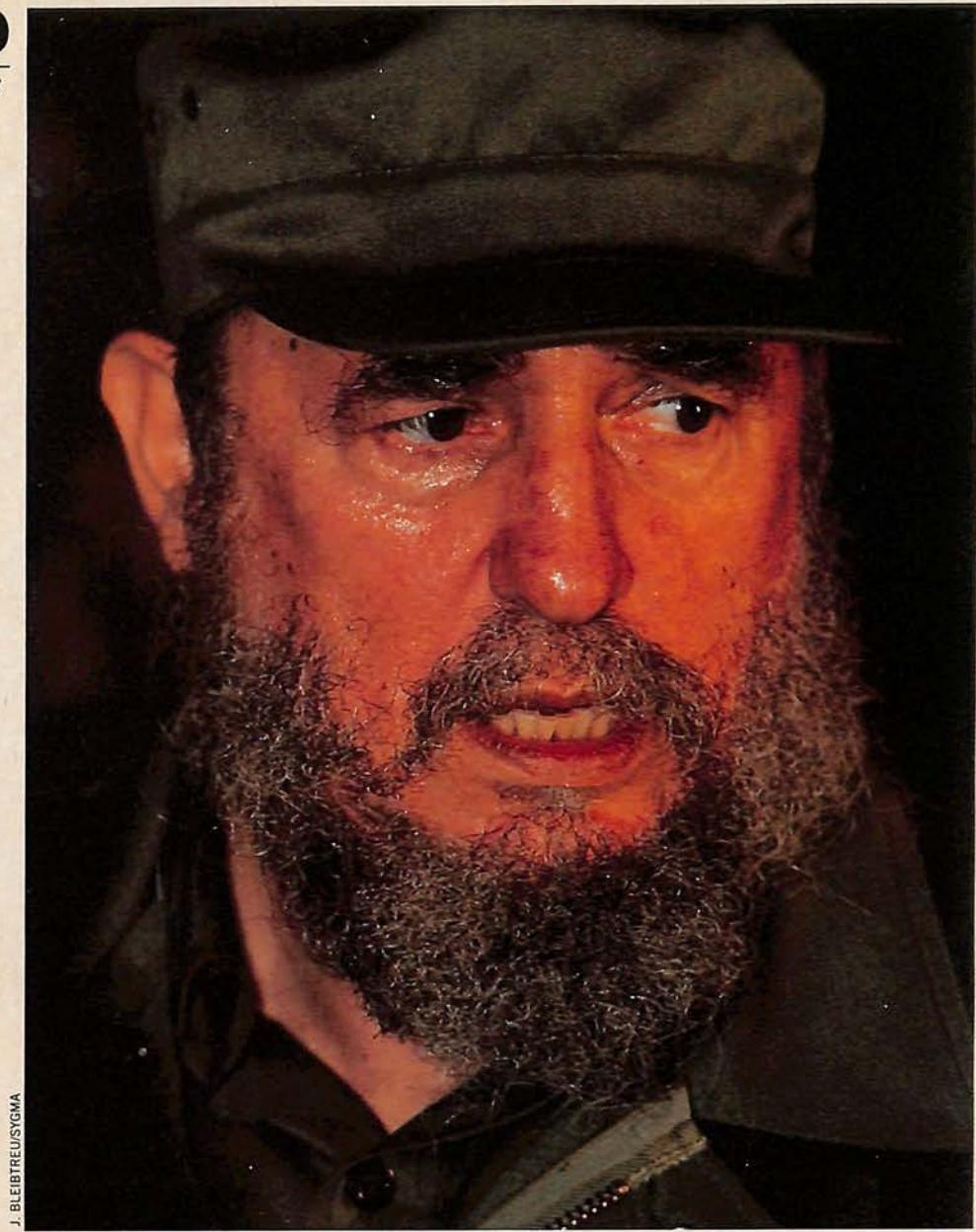
**February 1978:** Castro dispatches nearly 20,000 troops to aid the new Marxist regime in Ethiopia.

**April 1980:** More than 120,000 Cubans seeking amnesty in the U.S. leave the port of Mariel in small boats bound for Florida.

**October 1980:** Castro announces a general pardon for all Americans serving prison sentences in Cuba.

**January 1985:** A U.S. judge rules that the U.S. can deport hundreds of Cubans with criminal records who have entered the country.

**October 1988:** Officials from the U.S., South Africa, Angola and Cuba announce an agreement under which Cuba will withdraw most of the 50,000 troops it had sent to Angola.



J. BLEIBTER/USYMA

Castro today, a prisoner of his own ideas, divorced from world realities.

take the post. For prime minister, he encouraged Urrutia to name José Miró Cardona, a distinguished lawyer. Urrutia and Miró, in turn, chose a cabinet of highly regarded professionals, including moderate members of the movement. For himself, Castro retained only the title of commander-in-chief of the Rebel Army. But, of course, that was where the real power lay.

Many Cubans and foreigners alike were convinced that Castro's call for radical social change was mostly rhetoric. Washington, too, assumed that, like other Latin American leaders, Castro would sooner or later turn to the U.S. Government for help. But there were clues to the contrary. On Feb. 13, only a few days before my very

first meeting with him, Castro had "accepted" the post of prime minister offered him by President Urrutia. Almost no one knew at the time that he had ordered the elderly judge to do it. Five months later, Castro sacked Urrutia. Thus ended the first phase of the revolution.

Looking back, I now see that Fidel Castro was committed from the start to holding on to power. I believe that—initially, at least—he was not ideologically motivated; he felt forced to choose an alliance with the Soviet Union as an alternative to submission to the United States. I think he must also have reasoned that by defying the U.S. he would make his revolution more credible to Cubans and to Latin

Americans generally. He gambled that the Soviets were too far away to interfere, and that they would be willing to pay his bills in exchange for a military and political presence near the American coast. History has proved these calculations substantially correct, although he has criminally wasted Soviet aid, now estimated at \$4 billion a year, and failed to build a workable economy in his country.

The other impression I retain from our early acquaintance—and its subsequent renewal—is of Castro's unmatched talent for manipulation and dissimulation. He spent nearly a year proposing an Athens-like "democracy of the marketplace" in which citizens would choose leaders and policies at mass rallies. Then he introduced a new slogan, "We Have Already Voted!" When a million Cubans shouted the slogan at a Havana rally, he coolly announced that the promised elections had just been held—"in a truly democratic fashion."

Castro encouraged his people to believe that to disagree with him was to disagree with the revolution. By this contorted logic it followed that to be counter-revolutionary was to be an agent of the C.I.A., a crime punishable by imprisonment or death. Castro threw huge resources into social programs—land reform, education, housing and public health—but curtailed civil liberties and destroyed Cuba's free press. Most of Cuba's middle class—lawyers, doctors, businessmen—has fled, and most of Cuba's artistic talent has withered.

The central aspect of Castro's personality, from childhood on, has been his unshakeable faith in himself. This faith assured his survival after the defeat of his first revolutionary coup, in 1953, and again in 1956 when his invading force was virtually wiped out. Hiding in a cane field following that disaster, Fidel told his remaining two companions in all seriousness that, having survived the first battle, "we've already won the war." Today, 33 years later, he remains just as convinced of his infallibility in all things, large and small. He has as much confidence in his recipe for leg of lamb as he does in the absolute virtue of his revolution.

When I left Cuba and Castro for the last time, at the end of 1985, I left an historic figure, a man who had spent nearly half his life in total control of a nation. I also left a lonely prisoner of his own ideas and prejudices, a man divorced from world realities. No longer was there joy in his country. It was not at all the Cuba he had prophesied that night so long ago in 1959.

TAD SZULC is the author of 15 books. His latest is *Fidel—A Critical Portrait*.

## 30 YEARS AGO: BUDDY HOLLY PERISHES IN A PLANE CRASH

The singer was killed, with three others, at the height of his career and on the brink of fatherhood.

# THE DAY THE MUSIC DIED

By Bob Hale

*But February made me shiver,  
With every paper I'd deliver,  
Bad news on the doorstep—  
I couldn't take one more step.  
And I can't remember if I cried,  
When I read about his widowed bride,  
But something touched me deep inside,  
The day the music died.\**

By the time they reached Clear Lake, Iowa, on Feb. 2, 1959, the young entertainers had suffered weeks of freezing Midwest weather and endless travel in broken-down, ill-heated buses. The Winter Dance Party tour, which they hoped would help make them stars, had turned into an endurance test.

Drummer Charlie Bunch was hospitalized for frostbite. The Big Bopper (J. P. Richardson), 28, ran a fever. Ritchie Valens, at 17 the baby of the group, was dog tired, and Dion,

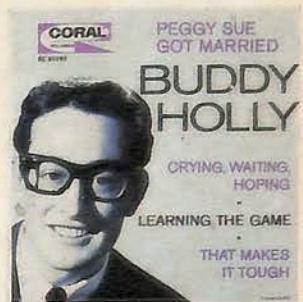
18, and his Belmonts were arguing over dirty laundry. As for Buddy Holly, 22, the tour's premiere attraction—a veteran of two appearances on the all-important *Ed Sullivan Show* and a dozen hit records—he desperately missed his pregnant bride of six months, Maria Elena. He also missed his former partners, original Crickets Jerry Allison and Joe Mauldin. Even though he had replaced them with Waylon Jennings and Tommy Allsup, he was hoping for a reconciliation. And now, with Bunch hospitalized, the tour had no drummer.

Only the Bopper, despite his fever and homesickness for his pregnant wife, remained irrepressible. A natural clown, the former disk jockey kept everybody loose with his jokes and antics. "It's the deejay in me," he said, winking at me, a fellow deejay. "We're all a bit off center, aren't we?" I'd been picked by KRIB, my station in neighboring Mason City, to emcee the big show at the Surf Ballroom later that night.



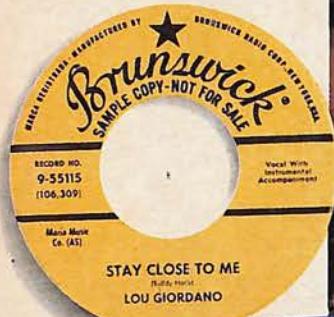
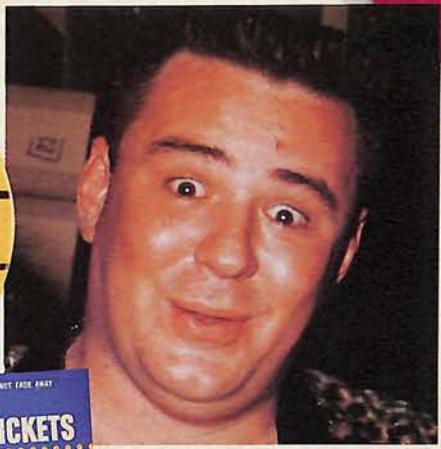
\*"American Pie" by Don McLean ©Mayday Music and Benny Bird Co. All rights administered by Merit Music, Nashville, Tenn.

The small plane had gone only a few miles before it went down in a cornfield. "Pilot error" was given as the cause.



BILL GRIGGS/BUDY HOLLY MEMORIAL SOCIETY

**Scenes from the Winter Dance Party tour, one day before the accident (clockwise from upper right): Ritchie Valens; Buddy Holly with Frankie Sardo (left) and Dion; Holly with a matched set of fans; J. P. (Big Bopper) Richardson.**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY L. MATTI

The Ballroom manager and I greeted the exhausted troupe at about 6 P.M. and tried to warm them up with hot cocoa and coffee. But the Bopper's good humor provided better nourishment than anything we had to offer. He even joked about his fever. "Horses sweat, men perspire, and women glow. I'm a horse tonight." Then he laughed the deep laugh his fans knew so well from his records.

By 7:15 P.M., the Ballroom was packed with nearly 1,500 teen-agers and their parents. It wasn't often that shows this big came to Clear Lake, and this performance had been heavily promoted.

The audience cheered when newcomer Frankie Sardo opened the show with his hit, "Take Out." By the time he finished his set the audience was primed.

Next came the Bopper. The ultimate showman, he walked on stage carrying a telephone and wearing a leopard jacket. "Hellloooo, baaaaaby, this is the Big Bopper speakin'." The crowd went wild. They ate up his nonstop patter between "The Big Bopper's Wedding" and "Little Red Riding Hood." For a finale, he gave them "The Purple People Eater Meets the Witch Doctor," the novelty flip side of his first hit, "Chantilly Lace."

Ritchie Valens, decked out in a bright-green satin shirt and a vest, looked as smooth as velvet. His first numbers were slow and dreamy and had the crowd straining to get closer to the stage. When he broke into "La Bamba" nearly everyone started dancing. By the time he finished his act, with "Donna" and "Come On, Let's Go," the teen-ager owned the entire audience.

While we set up for Dion and the Belmonts during intermission, Buddy telephoned Maria Elena. He told her what an ordeal the tour had turned into and how most of the other performers were depressed and grousing. Probably because he did not want her to worry, he didn't mention that in order to get some extra rest, he'd chartered a plane to fly with Jennings and Allsup to Fargo, N.D., just across the river from their next night's booking in Moorhead, Minn.

With Bunch out sick, Buddy had offered to play drums for the Belmonts. To surprise the audience we placed Buddy's drums outside the stage lights, and he played in the shadows throughout the Belmonts' set. At the end of their act, I had Dion introduce each member of his group, saving the drummer for last. "Who's on drums?" I finally asked. "Buddy Holly," Dion yelled. Once again the audience went crazy. Holly was the man they'd come to hear.

Buddy jumped up and, trading his drums for a guitar, started his act with Billy Grammer's "Gotta Travel On." With Jennings and Allsup suited up like young businessmen, and Buddy in his familiar bow tie and gray striped jacket, they looked fantastic. There were bigger acts and bigger hits that year ("Along Came Jones" by the Coasters, "So Fine" by the Fiestas, and Elvis's "A Fool Such as I"), but on that stage, that night, Buddy Holly was the only singer in the world.

Hit followed hit: "That'll Be the Day," "Maybe Baby," "Well... Alright." His first "hiccup"—a vocal trademark—brought cheers. He clowned around with "Bo Diddley" and got big laughs with his falsetto rendition of "Peggy Sue."

"There's more to the Peggy Sue story," he then teased. "Let me tell you about it. 'Peggy Sue Got Married'!"

Buddy performed his final number, "Brown-Eyed Handsome Man," twice, first alone and then with the entire troupe. The audience yelled for more, but Buddy and the boys waved goodbye. "So long," Holly said. "We've got a plane to catch."

Word of the chartered flight had already circulated among the rest of the weary troupe. Richardson, citing his fever, asked Jennings if he could take his place. Jennings said sure. When Valens asked Allsup for his seat, Allsup balked, then agreed to a coin toss. I took a quarter out of my pocket and flipped it. "Heads," said Ritchie. Heads it was.

I was on the air the next morning doing my radio show when I was handed a bulletin. A small plane had crashed on the edge of Clear Lake, a few miles north of the airport. The news didn't register. I shrugged and went on spinning records. A few minutes later the manager of the Surf Ballroom telephoned to tell me he'd been to the site of the crash. When he said, "I identified Buddy, Bopper and Ritchie," a wave of nausea came over me.

I fought being sick. Then I called my wife. We cried together over the phone.

Back on the air, I started getting calls from teens and their parents who had been at the dance. As the news spread, people at radio stations across the country started calling. Some kids left school to drive out to the crash site. Others came to the station to talk. Most were in tears.

Apparently, airport traffic controllers had neglected to tell pilot Roger Peterson that he would have to fly part of his route solely on instruments; the pilot was licensed only for visual flying. Switching to instruments shortly after takeoff, Peterson promptly lost his bearings. The Civil Aeronautics Board gave pilot error as the official cause of the accident.

Over the years Holly's music has been kept alive by the scores of young musicians he influenced, including the Beatles. His songs have been recorded by such artists as Phil Ochs, Bruce Springsteen and Linda Ronstadt. The release of the movie *The Buddy Holly Story* in 1978 created a new generation of fans. Ritchie Valens's story was also dramatized, in the 1987 movie hit *La Bamba*. There are plans for a Big Bopper film as well.

30  
years  
ago

## HOLLY'S BUDDIES

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES



**Original Crickets** J. I. Allison and Joe B. Mauldin recently teamed up with singer-songwriter Gordon Payne on *T-Shirt*, an album produced by Paul McCartney (who also sings harmonies and plays piano). An ardent Buddy Holly fan, McCartney owns the rights to the singer's songbook.

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES



**Dion DiMucci**, the former lead singer of the popular 50's group Dion and the Belmonts, re-emerged in the 70's as a gospel singer and born-again Christian. He is currently working on a new rock-and-roll album and has recently published his autobiography, *The Wanderer*.

BILL GRIGGS/BUDDY HOLLY MEMORIAL SOCIETY



**Country singer** Waylon Jennings hit his stride in the 1970's when he began producing his own albums, kicked a drug addiction and teamed up with such stars as Willie Nelson, Johnny Cash and Kris Kristofferson. Lately Jennings has been performing in a one-man show, "A Man Called Hoss."





BARBARA J. PORTER/GLOBE-GAZETTE, MASON CITY, IOWA

**A monument to the three young performers and the music they made now stands at the site of their final concert, in Clear Lake, Iowa.**

Last June the Holly, Valens and Richardson families met for the first time. The occasion was a ceremony in Clear Lake to commemorate the deaths of these three talented men. Many of the people who had attended their last performance joined with hundreds of others to watch the unveiling of a monument and the dedication of Buddy Holly Place, next to the Surf Ballroom. I gave the Bopper's son, Jay P. Richardson, now 30, his father's watch, which had been in the coroner's office since the crash. He said it would bring his father, whom he never knew, a little closer. Maria Elena wept openly. Then she embraced Ritchie's sisters, Connie and Irma, in a sadness that 30 years had not erased. ■

**BOB HALE, a former disk jockey, is an independent television and radio producer and announcer in Chicago.**

## Herd Quitter

By **Don McLean**

**O**ne of the sad things about today is the lack of outlaws. In times past, outlaws joined the circus, became gamblers or musicians or maybe went west and became real outlaws. Men took to the outdoors seeking freedom from the golden handcuffs of a secure job where all the exciting questions are answered in advance and all the dues prepaid and the happy ending a foregone conclusion. An outlaw would have none of this. But today most of the outlaws are inlaws trying to go into cozy occupations, where the pay is good, not because they have any real desire to be free or brave or artistic or just plain ornery.

Money has taken the inspiration out of everything, including music. Perhaps that's why Charles Harin Holly (originally Holley), better known as Buddy Holly, has become so popular. He was an outlaw. He broke from the herd. The cowboys call such a cow a herd quitter. And though they have lots of ways of busting a herd quitter, usually they end up just killing it.

Buddy Holly had the first rush of hit record success behind him when he took the tour he died on 30 years ago. He had fired his manager, left his back-up band (the Crickets) and even quit making rock-and-roll. Buddy was experimenting again, as he always had. He was singing songs like "Raining in My Heart," "Moon-dreams" and "It Doesn't Matter Anymore"—ballads with big string arrangements by Dick Jacobs and his orchestra, not rollicking electric guitars.

Buddy was married, not to a Southern belle or a Texas cowgirl, but to a Hispanic woman, Maria Elena Santiago. Buddy quit every herd in sight because he was a true artist. He marched to his own drummer, and until he found a way to capture the rhythm of that drummer he was the only one who could hear it. Now we all hear it, and his songs and his memory have grown



PETER NASH

**Don McLean: Hats off to Holly and all the other contraries.**

to gigantic proportions. Right after his death, however, he was almost totally forgotten by the music industry and the public. His records were not in the stores or on the radio.

In those days, when something was finished it was forgotten, so we could get on to the next thing. Movie moguls shelved a

picture if the star died before it was released. Americans didn't like watching dead people. Today in America death is the best publicity you can get, and you can be sure you'll get more of it dead than you ever got alive: Wanted dead or alive, but mostly dead. Today all we do is look back. The last decade is the only one ever devoted to reliving a former decade.

America has changed, and Americans have changed. We don't belong to Buddy Holly's generation. Nobody quits the herd anymore. But at least we recognize the courage of those who did. Perhaps home video puts us all in a time loop; the baby boomers, with their baby needs, are at last in the 50's forever, like an ostrich with his head stuck in the sands of that era, safe from the firestorms of modern life.

My hat is off to Buddy Holly and the many other musicians I knew who were artists and not businessmen. Not because they were "rock legends" or "hit artists" but because they were contraries. Contrary Indians were the bravest warriors. They never lived with the others. When they got older they chose a young man they thought was worthy and gave him their lance. Buddy never got to pass his Stratocaster on to his son (his wife miscarried at the news of his death). Perhaps it's just as well, because these are not contrary times. ■

**Don McLean, a singer/songwriter, first gained fame in 1971 with his recording of "American Pie," a tribute to Buddy Holly and other rock artists.**

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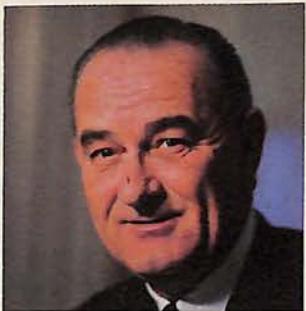
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# 25

years  
ago



**LBJ:** Declares War on Poverty

GLOBE PHOTOS



**PANAMANIA** Anti-American demonstrations in Panama leave 29 dead, many more injured . . . Willy Brandt elected head of Germany's Social Democrats . . . Pope Paul VI visits Holy Land to mend centuries-old rift with Eastern Orthodox Church.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



DON ORNITZ/GLOBE PHOTOS

**AMUSEMENTS** Carol Channing opens on Broadway in *Hello Dolly!* . . . Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl*, about life of comedienne Fanny Brice . . . Alec Guinness in *Dylan*, about Welsh poet Dylan Thomas . . . Movies: *Dr. Strangelove* and *Tom Jones* . . . Best sellers: Mary McCarthy's *The Group* and John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



**BOOZE AND BUTTS** Whisky a Go Go, nation's first disco, opens on Sunset Strip, Los Angeles . . . Psychologists claim best way to remember something is to go to sleep right after learning it . . . U.S. Surgeon General warns that cigarettes may cause lung cancer.

PICTORIAL PARADE



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



J. MURRAY/BLACK STAR

**SHOCKS** Severe earthquake rocks Anchorage, Alaska; 60 to 100 people perish . . . Jack Ruby gets death sentence for killing Lee Harvey Oswald; head defense lawyer, Melvin Belli, will appeal . . . Jimmy Hoffa, Teamsters union chief, gets eight years for jury tampering, says he will appeal.

#### OUT IN THE COLD

Peggy Fleming, U.S. women's singles figure-skating champion at age 15, wins place on Olympic team . . . Doesn't help: U.S. is eighth in Winter Olympics at Innsbruck, Austria, taking only one gold medal.

#### COMING RIGHT UP:



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

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KURT GUNTHER/GLOBE PHOTOS



JAN STALLIER

# KIDNAP

## 25 YEARS AGO: FRANK SINATRA JR.'S CAPTORS GO ON TRIAL

*Was the young singer's gunpoint abduction from a Lake Tahoe motel a real-life nightmare or a publicity stunt contrived to help a career?*

By Art Berman



Sinatras Jr. and Sr.,  
September 1963

**I**t was snowing pitchforks," Frank Sinatra Jr. testified in February 1964 at the Los Angeles trial of his kidnappers, a trial I covered for the *Los Angeles Times*. Still, he went on, the snow wasn't so deep he couldn't have walked from his Lake Tahoe, Calif., motel room to the gambling casino at Harrah's Club, just over the Nevada border, where he was performing with the Tommy Dorsey Band. At 20, the young singer was trying hard to follow in his famous father's footsteps. But



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**The lead singer with the revamped Tommy Dorsey Band, Frank Sinatra Jr., failed to appear one snowy night. Instead, he found himself staring down the barrel of a .38-caliber revolver. Snatched from his second-floor room at Harrah's South Lodge in Lake Tahoe, Calif. (above), Sinatra Jr. was blindfolded, forced to swallow sleeping pills and shoved into the back seat of a getaway car.**

# APPENDIX



Sinatra Sr. went to L.A. to await the kidnappers' next call.

he wouldn't get to work that night, Dec. 8, 1963.

Barry Keenan, a sometime salesman, and Joe Amsler, an ex-Navy boxer and abalone diver, had checked into the nearby Harvey's Wagon Wheel Motel under assumed names. Both 23, they had gone to high school together—and with Frank Jr.'s older sister, Nancy—in West Los Angeles.

Telephoning room 417 at Harrah's South Lodge across the street, Keenan faked a British accent. "This is Rex Harrison," he said. "Is Helen Forrest there?"

Helen Forrest, who was also singing with the Dorsey group, wasn't there. But, recognizing Frank Jr.'s voice, Keenan got what he was after, confirmation that the young singer was in his room.

A little later, posing as delivery men, Keenan and Amsler climbed the stairs to room 417. Keenan was carrying a phony case of wine on which the name "Frank Sinatra Jr." was written. Both men had pistols, though Amsler's was not loaded.

"You're not really going to do this, are you, Barry?" Amsler asked as they stood outside the motel room. Keenan answered by knocking on the door.

"Come in," a voice said.

Young Sinatra, in T-shirt and shorts, had been enjoying a pre-show snack of chicken and beer with a trumpet player named John Foss. Sinatra now found himself staring into the barrel of Keenan's .38-caliber revolver. After being ordered to dress, he was blindfolded and led to a car, where he was placed in the back seat and forced to swallow sleeping pills.

As the kidnappers drove away, Foss, left behind with his hands tied, worked loose and summoned help. Within minutes, roadblocks were set up on the main thoroughfares leading from Lake Tahoe. Frank Sinatra Sr., tracked down in Palm Springs, Calif., headed for Reno to meet with F.B.I. agents.

Keenan and Amsler, meanwhile, had just made their crime a Federal case by driving across the California state line into Nevada. When Keenan saw a roadblock ahead, he braked to a halt. Amsler jumped out and half ran, half tumbled, down an embankment. Keenan got out and threw his revolver down the same slope.

As a sheriff's patrol car approached, Sinatra lay on the back seat, his blindfold off. Though he saw part of a patrol car and the gleam of an officer's badge, he remained quiet.

Keenan knelt alongside a tire and was ready with a glib answer when the officers arrived. "Just taking off the chains," he told them. With road conditions improving, it sounded plausible. The officers looked the scene over and moved on.



**At a press conference after the trial, the young singer tried to explain his apparent cooperation with the kidnappers. "I only did it because of the threat on my life," he said. The accused (left to right): Barry Keenan, John Irwin and Joe Amsler.**



Keenan told Amsler, who had fallen into the snow, to climb into the trunk. When they reached the roadblock, Keenan said he'd just been checked by the patrol car. He was waved through.

The kidnappers drove all night, and shortly before dawn they reached a house Keenan had rented in Canoga Park, a community in California's San Fernando Valley. Later that morning, they were joined by a third man, John Irwin.

Irwin, 42, a house painter with a minor police record who had dated Keenan's divorced mother, had what he called a "paternal" feeling for Keenan. He would later say that he joined the caper because he wanted to make sure nobody got hurt.

Because he had the most mature voice, Irwin made the ransom calls. His first was to the Mapes Hotel in Reno, where he had located Sinatra Sr. and where F.B.I. agents waited to tape the call.

"The voice said he had my boy," Sinatra testified. "I remember asking what he wanted, and he said, 'I will let you know later.' He said he would call the next morning."

He did. "I spoke to the owner of the same voice and then I talked to my boy," Sinatra said. "I asked [the kidnapper] what he wanted. He said, 'Money.' "

The kidnapper directed the singer to proceed to Carson City, Nev., where he was to wait for phone calls at a series of gas stations. At one of them, Sinatra was told to get \$240,000 in small, nonsequential bills and head for the Los Angeles home of his ex-wife Nancy—Frank Jr.'s mother. Sinatra flew there immediately and made arrangements with a bank to borrow the cash.

That night, with the young singer now held hostage for more than two days, Sinatra Sr. got a call directing him to send a courier with the ransom money to a Los Angeles gas station. F.B.I. Agent Jerome K. Crowe was given a suitcase filled with \$239,985—\$15 short because an F.B.I. microfilm machine had chewed up three \$5 bills while copying serial numbers.

By phone, "John Adams" (Keenan) directed "Patrick Henry" (the name given to Crowe by the kidnappers) from gas station to gas station. Finally he told him to leave the ransom between two school buses parked in yet another gas station.

Keenan picked up the money. (He later would run barefoot through it and play Monopoly with it in Amsler's apartment.) The F.B.I. made no attempt to follow Keenan for fear it would endanger young Sinatra's life.

In the early morning hours of the third day, Irwin drove Frank Jr. to an intersection near his mother's Bel Air house and released him. Picked up by an unmarked car, the young singer got into the trunk—to avoid reporters clustered at the foot of his mother's driveway—and was driven home. At 3:10 A.M., he clambered out of the trunk and was embraced by his father.

"I'm sorry, Dad," he said.

For the next three days, with Attorney General Robert Kennedy and F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover hovering in the background, law enforcement authorities had little to say. Then came dramatic news:

Hoover himself announced in Washington that three men—Irwin, Keenan and Amsler—had been arrested in Southern California. Agents had recovered nearly all the ransom—plus a ring bearing the initials "FS." Hoover neglected to mention that the case was broken only when Irwin telephoned the F.B.I. to confess.

Though Irwin's call cut short the investigation, the kidnappers would most likely have been caught sooner or later. Young Sinatra had provided a lead or two, including the address of a neighborhood take-out food store he had spotted on a paper bag (despite his blindfold) in the Canoga Park hideout. Also, Keenan had boasted to friends about his plan to kidnap the son of a famous person—Bob Hope's son Tony had been the first target considered.

Federal prosecutors spent 14 days piling up evidence before a jury at the kidnappers' trial. They revealed that Keenan and Amsler had shadowed the Sinatras for months and that the crime had first been planned for Nov. 22, 1963, but President Kennedy's assassination upset Irwin too much for him to go through with it.

One of the most telling exhibits was a letter found in Keenan's safe deposit box in which he confessed he was planning a "perfect" crime in the hope of becoming a millionaire. "Naturally, if you are reading this," he added, "[it] was unperfect."

The defense, dominated by the flamboyant criminal lawyer Gladys Towles Root—who displayed an ever-changing wardrobe of huge hats and garish dresses—argued that Sinatra Jr. had contrived the whole affair as a publicity stunt. Why, Root asked, hadn't he tried harder to escape? He'd passed up a perfect opportunity at the roadblock. Obviously, she maintained, this was a hoax.

"I didn't want it on my conscience—a sudden and idiotic move on my part—and I didn't want him to blow the brains out of an innocent police officer," Sinatra testified. "So I decided to face the men on my own."

Sinatra admitted that he'd willingly act-

ed like a passed-out drunk in the back of the car and had even taken off the ring with his initials on it so it wouldn't be spotted by the officers. But, he testified, he'd done it only to avoid gunplay.

I clearly remember the anguished young man whose shock of dark hair contrasted so sharply with his pale, slender face. He arrived in court in a blue blazer with the letter "R" monogrammed on the breast pocket. I later learned that the R stood for his father's Reprise Records.

During tough questioning by defense attorneys, young Sinatra seemed to be reaching for a maturity beyond his years, sometimes responding with wordy or flip answers. When a defense attorney paused in a searing cross-examination, the young witness said, "Any time you're ready, C. B."—a play on a famous Hollywood joke involving Cecil B. DeMille.

While the senior Sinatra kept his distance from the media, his son held a press conference after his testimony ended. He tried once more to explain his unsettling cooperation with the kidnappers.

"I only did it because of the threat on my life," he said. "It's hard for people to understand, but I had a gun in my neck. I had no real chance to escape." The jury believed him. It took them less than seven hours to find the defendants guilty.

Frank Jr. expressed grim concern that the case had created "a seed of doubt about my integrity and about my guts that will stay with me the rest of my life." I felt sympathy for him. You could say the kidnappers got off easier than he did. Irwin and Amsler served about four years, Keenan four and a half. Whereas Sinatra Jr. still carries the taint, undeservedly, of having perpetrated a hoax.

But today, even Irwin insists the kidnapping was genuine. "It was stupid, abso-

lutely stupid," he adds. Living only a few miles from the Federal courthouse where he was tried, Irwin has retired from his job as a painter. He is a grandfather, and he occasionally repairs appliances and air-conditioners to pick up extra money.

Amsler became a Hollywood stunt man for a while but subsequently left Los Angeles for the rustic life in the redwood country near California's Big Sur.

Keenan now lives near Waco, Tex., where he deals in real estate and other enterprises—one of them was exporting Frisbees to Eastern Europe. Remarkably, he remains friends with Irwin, whose confession led to the trio's arrest. And, he claims, he's finally made a million dollars. Keenan credits Alcoholics Anonymous and a spiritual awakening for his success. He blames drugs and alcohol for his past troubles. "The fact that I could have done it is beyond comprehension," he told me recently. "I'm very sorry. It's something I regret more than words can say."

The singer still walks his father's path. Though he has never gained supernova status, he performs regularly before respectable-size audiences in such places as Las Vegas, Atlantic City and Los Angeles, singing a mix of the standards and more contemporary tunes. He is currently the musical director of his father's "Rat Pack Tour" with Liza Minnelli and Sammy Davis Jr.

"My feelings about that time are very confusing," Frank Jr., now 45, said not long ago on *Entertainment Tonight*. "When someone under the pretense of delivering a Christmas package screws a .38 in your ear, it gets your undivided attention and you become conscious of many things. The first thing that struck me was that I needed to change my shorts."

The senior Sinatra, asked about the kidnapping on the same program, said that his "feelings about that time are very confusing, between anger and anxiety and wanting to hang each one by the neck if I could find them."

As for Barry Keenan and John Irwin, the kidnappers harbor only warm feelings for their former victim. In fact, they were saying not long ago that they really ought to catch Frank Jr.'s act the next time he plays L.A. ■



Frank Jr. today with his sister, Nancy, and their mother. The younger Sinatra has been on the road lately with his father, serving as musical director of the "Rat Pack Tour."

ART BERMAN shared two Pulitzer Prizes as a reporter for the Los Angeles Times. He is now an assistant national editor for that paper.

## 25 YEARS AGO: CASSIUS CLAY CHALLENGES SONNY LISTON

Was the kid crazy? Didn't he know that the awesome heavyweight champion was going to pound him into obscurity?

By Robert Lipsyte

I am standing in a shabby gym on Miami Beach with four British musicians, waiting for a kid boxer we've never met. Publicity shots for them, a newspaper story for me. "Where the ---- is he?" asks the drummer, and the lead singer says, "Let's get the ---- out of here." Then the door bangs open and a dazzling brown bolt of energy bursts into the room, roaring, "Hello there, Beatles. We oughta do some road shows together—we'll get rich."

We all gape, unprepared for his size, his physical grace, his confidence. But the Beatles recover quickly, and the five of them are suddenly tumbling around the boxing ring for the benefit of the cameras. The Beatles form a pyramid to swing at Cassius Clay's jaw. They miss, and all fall down. They pop up in a row. Clay knocks them all out with a domino punch. They begin laughing so hard that what looks like

a choreographed farce collapses into sloppy slapstick. The greedy cameras click and grind on. I am thinking of monkeys in a cage. But there is something very knowing in this spontaneity—even though it is not entirely clear who is in charge of the zoo.

This is incredible. In only four days this poor kid boxer is going to be pounded back into obscurity, and he's acting as if he's cranking up to be a symbol of the 60's. Either he's truly crazy or a master of the put-on. Doesn't he know he's going to lose to the awesome heavyweight champion, Sonny Liston? Why else would my omniscient editors at *The New York Times* instruct me to check out the locations of all area hospitals so no deadline time would be wasted following Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr. into the emergency room?

Exhausted, the Beatles are led out to their limo. Clay squints through a grimy gym window at the screaming teen-age

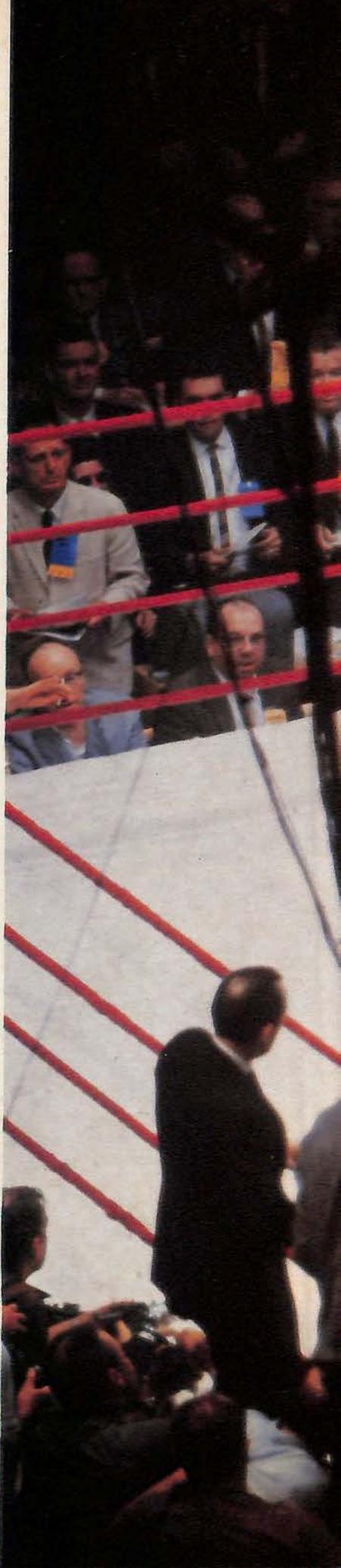


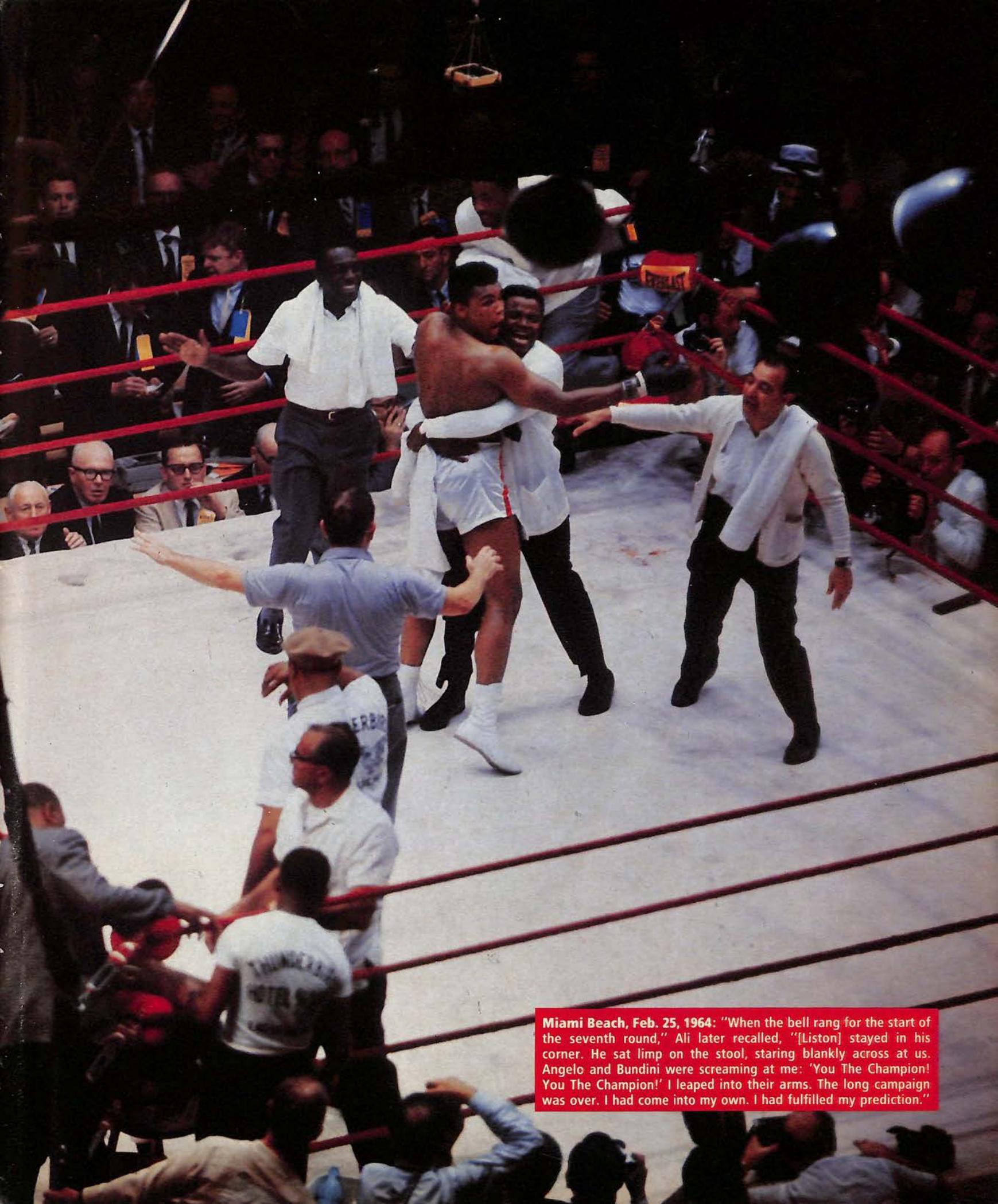
Light touch: Clay practices his domino punch on the Beatles before the first Liston match-up.

PICTORIAL PARADE

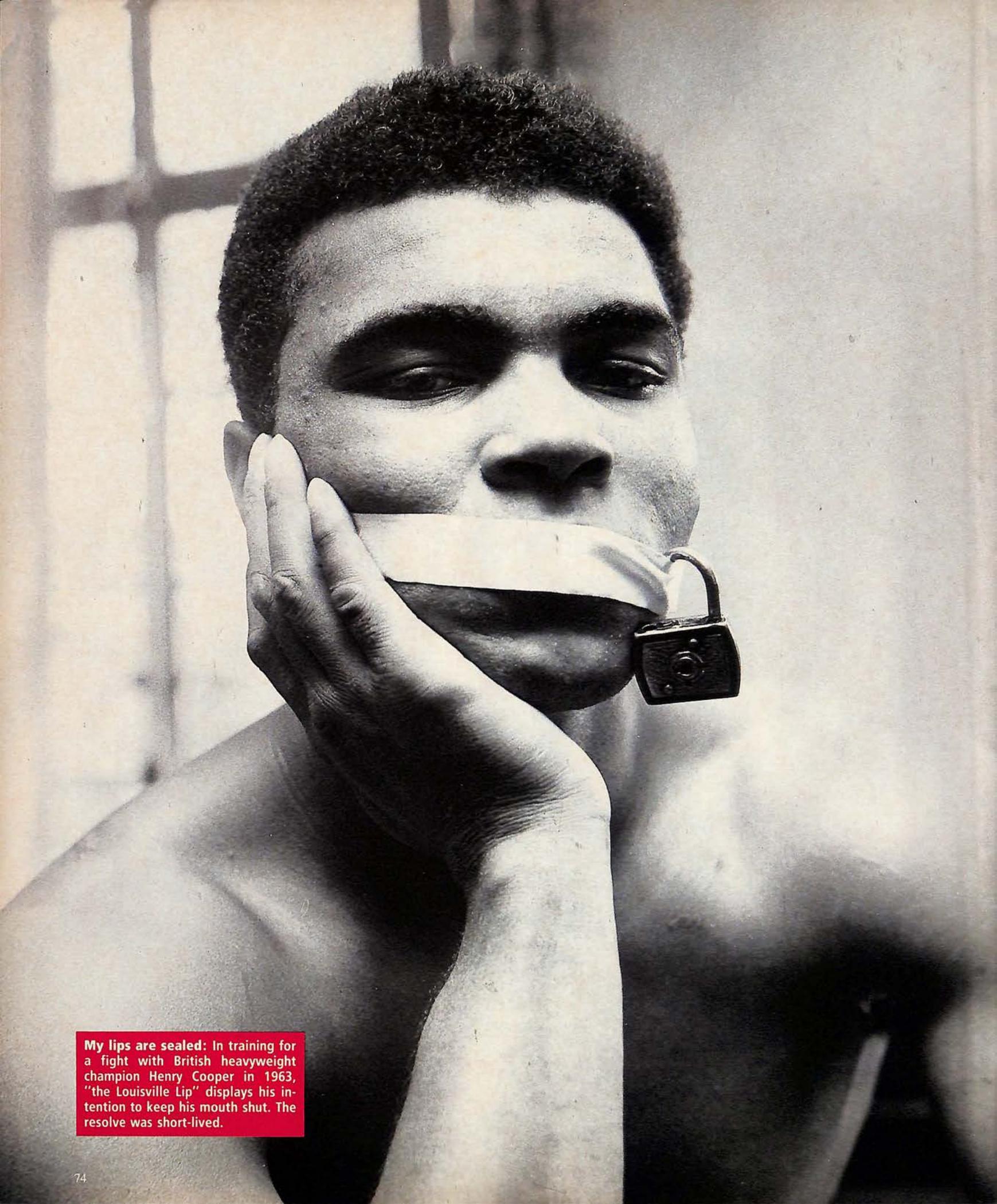
# AM THE GREATEST

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS





**Miami Beach, Feb. 25, 1964:** "When the bell rang for the start of the seventh round," Ali later recalled, "[Liston] stayed in his corner. He sat limp on the stool, staring blankly across at us. Angelo and Bundini were screaming at me: 'You The Champion! You The Champion!' I leaped into their arms. The long campaign was over. I had come into my own. I had fulfilled my prediction."



**My lips are sealed:** In training for a fight with British heavyweight champion Henry Cooper in 1963, "the Louisville Lip" displays his intention to keep his mouth shut. The resolve was short-lived.

## THREE-TIME CHAMP

**1965:** "Come on, this thing ain't even started good yet," Clay yells at Liston after knocking him out in the first round of their rematch. **1971:** Back in the ring after being stripped of his title for draft refusal, Ali loses to the official champ, Joe Frazier, in New York. **1974:** Ali captures the title for the second time, knocking out George Foreman in Kinshasa, Zaire. **1978:** Ali loses his championship to Leon Spinks on Feb. 15 in Las Vegas. **1980:** After taking the title back from Spinks and retiring, Ali returns against Larry Holmes in Las Vegas and is soundly beaten.

**25**  
years  
ago

girls on the street. "Who are those guys?" he asks. A trainer mumbles around a Vaseline Q-Tip, "Some limey faggots. You believe that hair?" Clay, already losing interest, shrugs and begins his workout.

He is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 210 pounds, and when his assistant trainer, Drew (Bundini) Brown, shouts, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," this world of sleaze and cigar butts turns into poetry and rainbows.

*This is the story about the man  
With iron fists and a beautiful tan.*

Clay is a 7-to-1 underdog, and yet it is he, not the champion, who made the cover of *Time* the year before. Is he an innocent man-child in a garden of evil, or is he as slick a promoter as Barnum himself? Could he be both? He calls himself "The Greatest," and in that awful doggerel he predicts the round in which he will win:

*When you come to the fight don't  
block the door,  
'Cause you'll all go home after round  
four.*

After his workout, the reporters crowd into Clay's locker room. He is being rubbed down. Stretched out on the table, chin propped on his fists, he regards himself dreamily in a steamy mirror. "You are so beautiful," he says.

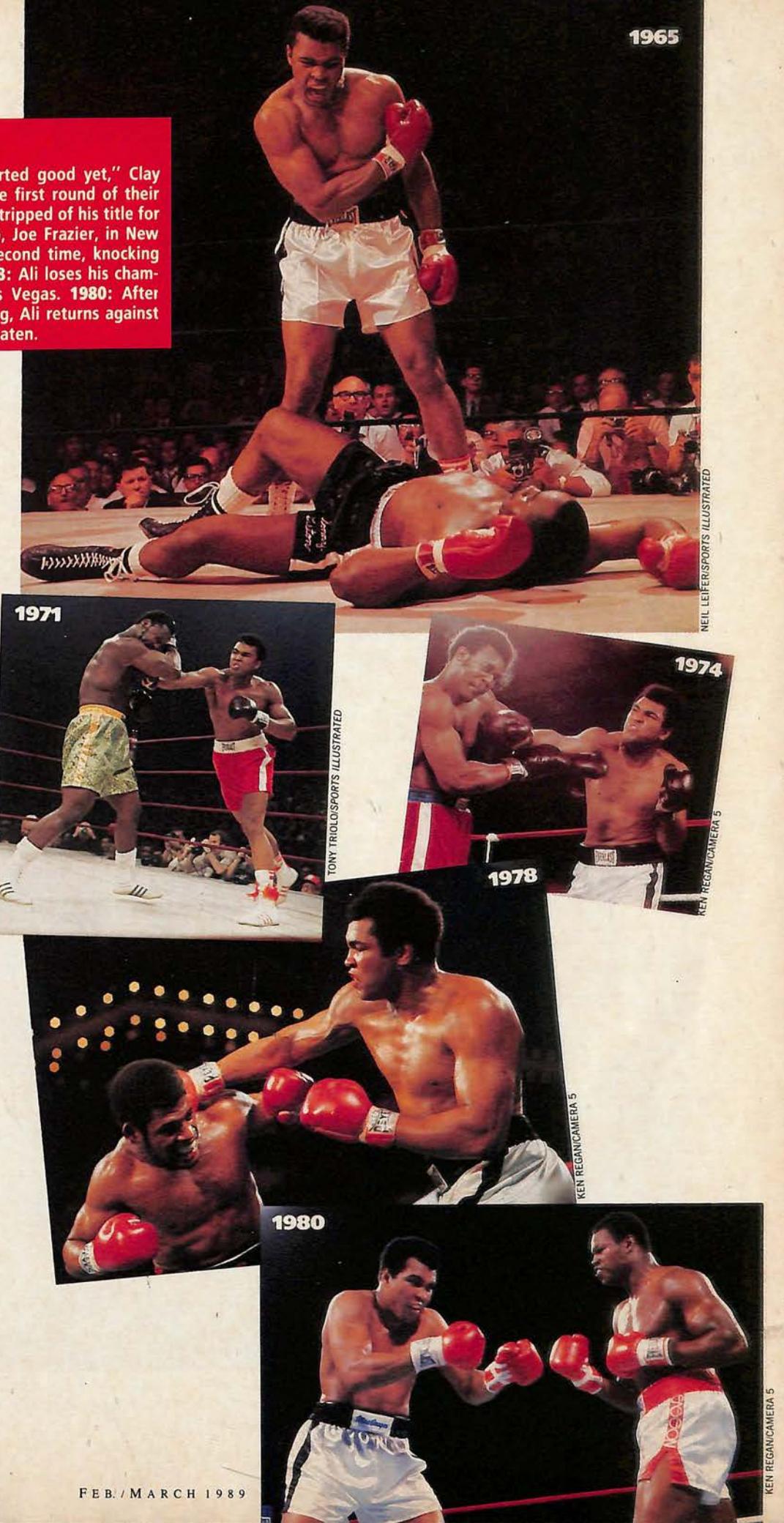
The older reporters hate this. "What if you lose, Cassius? What happens then?" asks an L.A. columnist.

"I won't feel bad," Cassius answers. He laughs. "I'll have tricked all the people into coming to the fight and paying \$250 for a ticket when they wouldn't have paid \$100 without my talk."

"So this is a con job, huh?" says a Boston sports-slinger.

"People ain't gonna give you nothing, no way. You gotta go get it." Clay pushes himself upright. His eyes really do dance. "I'm making all this money, the popcorn man making money, and the beer man, and you got something to write about. And your papers let you come down to Miami Beach where it's warm."

Some innocent. The Boston reporter



gets angry. "Exactly what are you going to do when Sonny Liston beats you after all your big talk?" he wants to know.

"Next day, I'll be on the sidewalk hollering, 'No man ever beat me twice.' I'll be screaming for a rematch." The big body relaxes, sinks into a table. The voice drops to a whisper. "Or maybe I'll quit the ring for good. I'm 22. Think I'm tired of fighting."

He may have fallen asleep right then. I tiptoe out, notebook damp, brain feverish. Something's going on here, I think. I haven't a clue what it is yet, but it's going to be great.

It was. Clay was playing a cosmic game, and he made up the rules as he went along. He had talent, no question of that. He might even have been the greatest fighter of all time, how can that be judged? But it wasn't on his fists that he vaulted into the consciousness of the country, of the world. He became the best-known sports figure on the planet, for a while perhaps the best-known figure *period*, by rolling sports, politics and religion into a ball of braggadocio, laughter and defiance and throwing it into the wild-eyed, hot-breathed face of the 60's.

At precisely 10:30 A.M., Feb. 25, 1964, Clay charged into the pre-fight weigh-in ceremony at Miami Beach's Convention Hall howling, "I'll win in eight to show I'm great." He gestured at Liston and taunted, "You a chump, you a

chump." He stomped and blustered in a mad scene the sport had never seen before. It blew Liston's mind and confused everyone else.

The boxing commission fined Clay \$2,500 for his conduct, and the commission doctor reported that Clay's pulse was 120 beats to the minute, twice his normal number; obviously he was scared spitless. Others speculated he had flipped out. There was even a rumor circulating that Malcolm X's Lost-Found Nation of Islam, the Black Muslims, had threatened to kill him if he lost. An hour before fight time, word whipped through the ringside press sections that Clay had been seen at the airport. I heard that one about five minutes before I bumped into him, standing quietly in a corner of the arena, watching his brother Rudy win his first pro fight.

Then Cassius Clay climbed into the ring and put his fists where his mouth had been. Bigger and faster than Liston, Clay was in control from the opening bell, dancing away from Liston's powerhouse punches, then leaping in to slash at Liston's head. In the third round, he opened a six-stitch gash under Liston's left eye.

Clay was in danger only once, when liniment slathered on Liston's shoulders got into his eyes. Convinced he was being deliberately blinded, he tried to quit, but his trainer, Angelo Dundee, pushed him back into the ring. His vision cleared and his confidence returned. Liston never

came out for the seventh round. He sat slumped on his stool, his left arm hanging uselessly. He had torn muscles by swinging and missing.

The new champion-by-a-TKO leaned down to scream at the press at ringside. "Eat your words! I am the greatest! I . . . am . . . the . . . greatest!"

It was Sonny we followed to the emergency room.

Cassius Clay was subdued and polite the next morning at the post-fight press conference. He said he would give Liston a rematch, he would fight all contenders. "I'm through talking. All I have to be is a nice, clean gentleman."

Most reporters drifted away to file their stories: It had all been a put-on, publicity for the fight; Clay was just a nice kid with a touch of that modern rock-and-roll. Those of us who lingered asked him about Malcolm X and about the Muslims' nationalism, their espousal of racial segregation.

"Listen," said Clay. "In the jungle the lions are with lions and the tigers with tigers and redbirds stay with redbirds and bluebirds with bluebirds. That's human nature, too, to be with your own kind. I don't want to go where I'm not wanted."

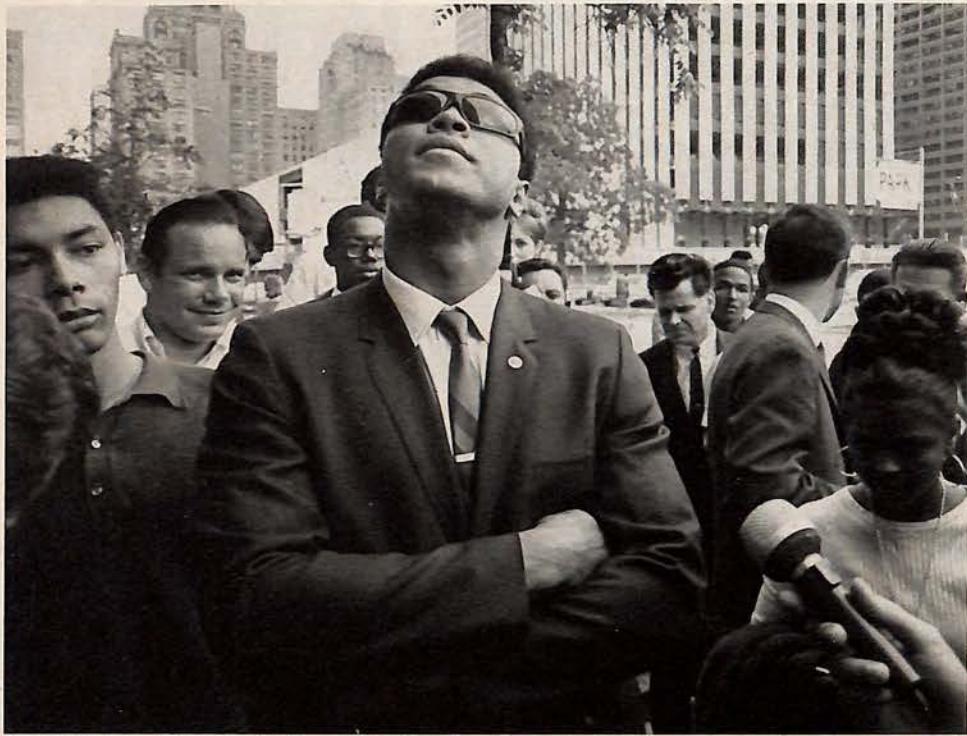
Someone mentioned the champion's responsibility to youth.

"I don't have to be what you want me to be," said Cassius Clay. "I'm free to be who I want."

Today it seems like such a simple statement, but in 1964, coming from the heavyweight champion of the world, it was practically a manifesto. American athletes had never felt free to be who they wanted to be, and even those whose private personas contradicted their public poses—hard-drinking Babe Ruth or philandering Joe Louis, for example—lived double lives with the complicity of the sporting press.

Not Cassius Clay. He was up front at a time when the officials of sportsworld wanted athletes, particularly black athletes, to be out back, especially on issues that touched on racism and civil rights and patriotism and individual responsibility, issues that were tearing the larger culture apart, issues from which sports were supposed to be a sanctuary.

Soon after winning the title, Cassius Clay became Cassius X—Black Muslims rejected their "slave" names. In due course, the Black Muslim leader, Elijah Muhammad, bestowed upon his most famous recruit the name Muhammad Ali: "Worthy of all praise most high." The name was a problem for most boxing officials, who refused to introduce the heavyweight champion by his new name, and



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**April 1967:** Leaving Federal court in Houston, Tex., after losing an appeal to be exempted from the draft, Ali appears unconcerned. Barred from boxing for nearly four years, Ali made his exile a period of personal growth, lecturing on campuses across the country.

for most newspapers and magazines. Even the more liberal publications insisted on referring to him as "Cassius Clay, also known as Muhammad Ali." Most sports-writers avoided the issue by calling him "Champ."

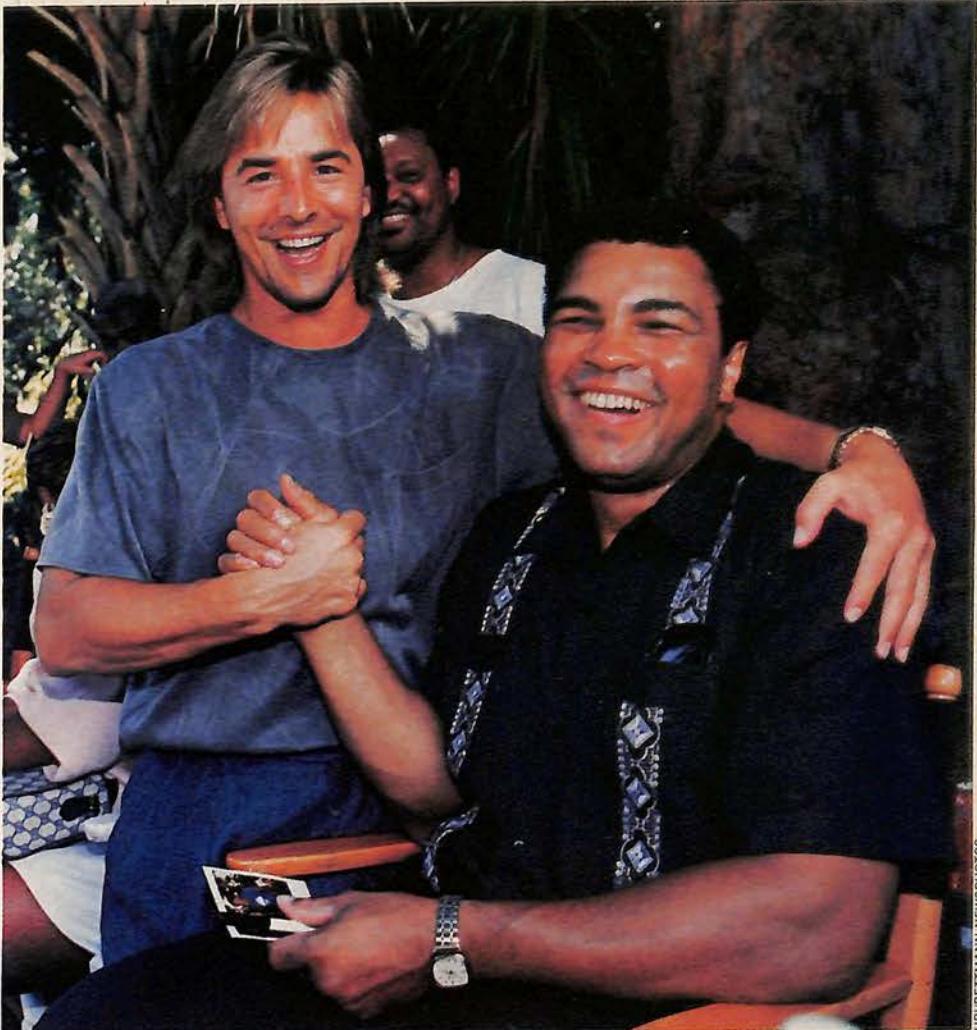
Free to be who I want.

It wasn't going to be that easy, not when everyone who wanted a piece of the champ also knew just what they wanted him to be. The boxing promoters were delighted at the box-office boost from this fresh face, but they were appalled that he wanted to give his Muslim management a piece of the action. Traditional black leaders, relieved that the ex-convict Liston was out of the picture, became alarmed at a segregationist role model. College students who applauded Ali's anti-war stand were turned off by his anti-marijuana stand. Liberals were made uncomfortable by his tirades against interracial dating. Because Ali regarded himself as "the king of all kings" in the bedroom as well as the ring, even the Muslims were embarrassed. His sexual exploits hardly squared with the Muslim ideal of the responsible family man.

In 1967, Ali refused Army induction as a conscientious objector and was convicted of draft evasion; boxing commissioners throughout the country tripped over each other in a rush to strip him of his title. For most of the next four years, from the age of 25 to 29, peak fighting years, he was unable to earn a living as a boxer. But he made this period a time of personal growth. On the college lecture tour he engaged in political, religious and social dialogues with a generation that grew up on the open, inquisitive, iconoclastic rhythms of his old playmates, the Beatles. Ali's own views were tested and refined and broadened. By the time he fought again, in 1971, his old boast, "I'm the onliest boxer they talk to like a senator," rang true.

His comeback, against Joe Frazier, on March 8 of that year was advertised simply as The Fight. It was brutal, breathtaking, 15 rounds of nonstop slugging. Ali lost the decision, but in the process he seemed to have won his country's respect with the animal courage of his challenge and his refusal to invoke his long layoff as an excuse for defeat. "Just lost a fight, that's all," he said the next day. "Probably be a better man for it."

Many people seemed to think so. The prince of prizefighting, one of the most charismatic and controversial heroes in the history of sport, having sacrificed for his convictions, had returned from exile with his dignity intact. A few months later, the Supreme Court overturned his conviction



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**Doing fine:** Suffering today from Parkinson's syndrome, Ali is no longer able to "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee." But the popular ex-champ, here on the set with *Miami Vice* star Don Johnson, still takes a big bite out of life.

for draft evasion, ruling in effect that, as a conscientious objector, Ali should never have been drafted in the first place.

In the next 10 years, Ali fought frequently, beating Frazier twice and regaining the championship by whipping George Foreman. He lost the title to Leon Spinks, then won a rematch to become the first heavyweight in history to win the championship three times. He lost it for the third and last time to Larry Holmes in 1980. A year later, he retired.

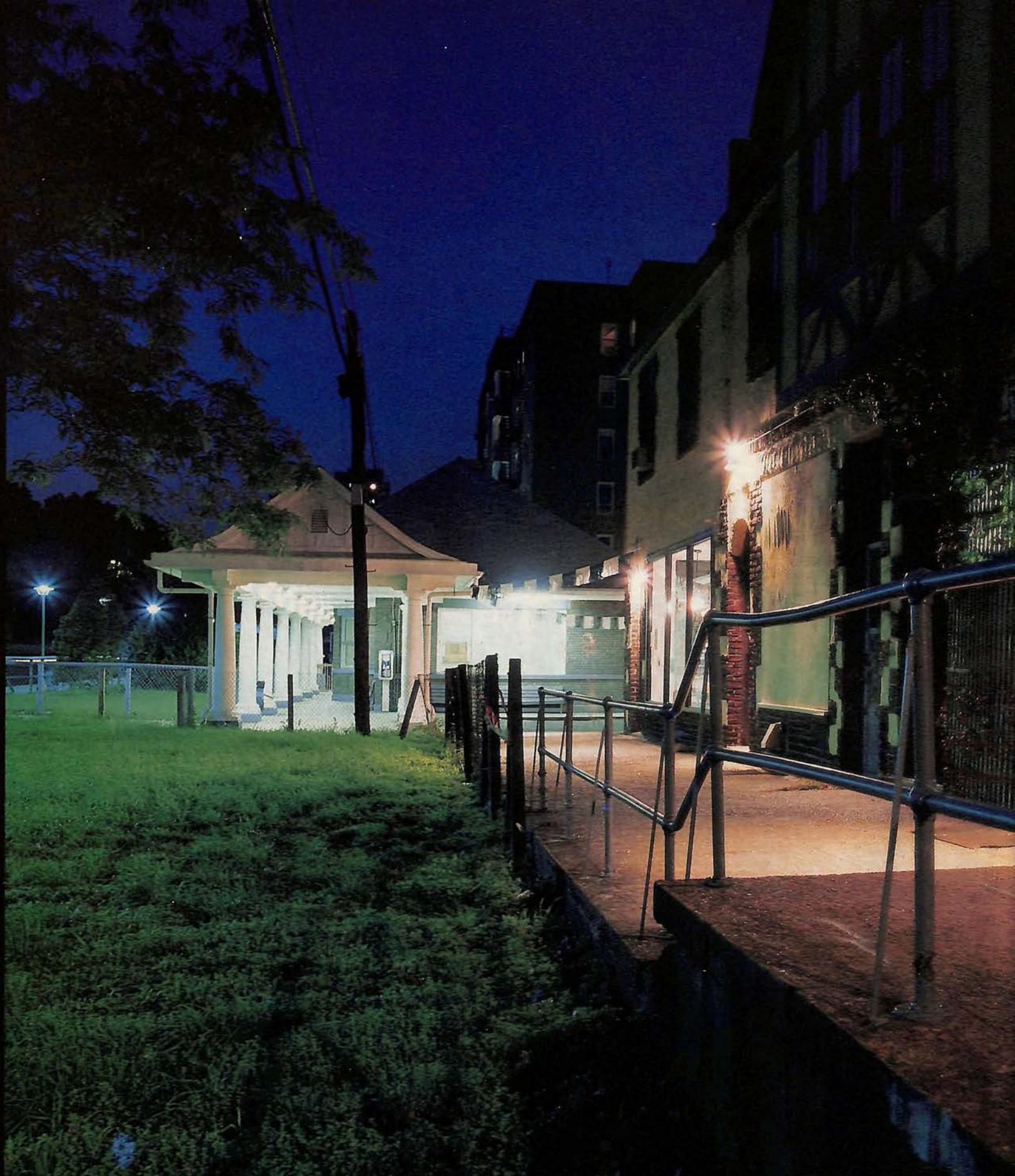
He should have disappeared.

No one has the right to say or write that, but anyone who gaped at Cassius Clay in 1964, when the magical youth was funny and beautiful and new, has thought that. This lumbering, moon-faced man, his speech slurred by Parkinson's syndrome (which may or may not be related to his boxing), is not the shape of our memories. But that is surely not his problem; it is ours. He seems happy to be with people, and unselfconscious. He shows up at

prizefights, often with his young fourth wife, sometimes selling Korans or Champ brand chocolate-chip cookies. He delights his fans with clumsy magic tricks.

Once, not long ago, I surprised him in a hotel suite, where he was soaking his swollen feet in a pan of water that was being electrically charged to stimulate circulation. He mumbled, "Hello, stranger," and I wasn't sure if he remembered me. Our conversation was desultory. Suddenly there was a commotion at the door; some teen-age girls wanted autographs. He stood up quickly and splashed out of the pan, then lurched across the room and put his arms over the girls' shoulders. As he steered them toward a corner couch, he glanced back and our eyes met. His eyes danced, or at least I wanted them to, and he said, very clearly, "Hey! Just like old times."

ROBERT LIPSYTE is a correspondent for NBC News who specializes in sports.

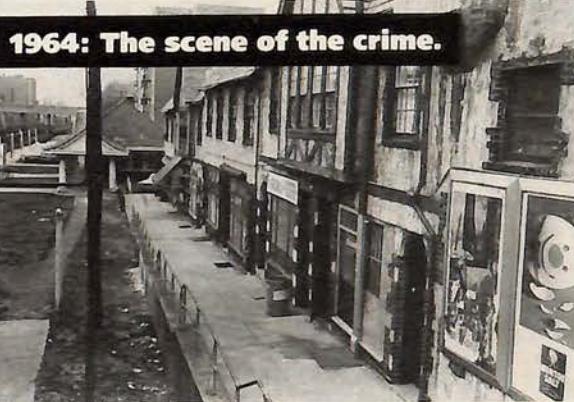


**Kew Gardens today: Could it happen again?**

*Kitty Genovese was coming home from work when she was attacked and stabbed to death. Why didn't neighbors respond to her pleas?*

# 38 Witnesses

NYT PICTURES



By Martin Gansberg

**F**ear. Fear of getting involved. Fear of dealing with police. Fear of reprisals. These were some of the reasons given to me by the 38 witnesses to the murder of Kitty Genovese 25 years ago.

It was after 3 A.M. on March 13, 1964. She had just returned from her bartending job and had parked her red Fiat near the Long Island Rail Road station on staid, tree-lined Austin Street in Kew Gardens,

Queens, N.Y. In three separate attacks lasting more than half an hour, she was stabbed to death by Winston Moseley.

Her neighbors simply had to have known that Kitty Genovese was in big trouble. "Help me!" she had screamed again and again. "He's killing me! He's killing me!" But none of them did anything until it was too late.

During the final assault, at the foot of a staircase in her Tudor-style apartment building, Genovese called up to a friend, "Help me, Karl! Help me!" Karl could see the attacker through his partly opened door. He climbed through a skylight in his apartment to the roof. He crossed to another skylight and told a neighbor, an elderly woman, what was happening. The woman went down the stairs to the street. Karl returned to his apartment and called a friend for advice. The friend urged him to phone the police. He did. By then, Kitty Genovese lay dead.

As a reporter for *The New York Times*, I spent the next week trying to find out why none of those who witnessed the crime had gone to her aid or called the police in time.

NYT PICTURES



**Catherine "Kitty" Genovese, a 28-year-old bar manager from Connecticut, had lived in Kew Gardens for only a year when she became the random victim of Winston Moseley. For killing Genovese, Moseley is serving a life sentence at the Green Haven Correctional Facility in Stormville, N.Y. He was denied parole in 1984.**

I found myself dealing with intelligent, educated people who gave me sheepish, evasive answers or lied outright.

A next-door neighbor of Kitty's told me he would have gone after the killer with a baseball bat. "But I didn't hear anything," he said. "My air-conditioner was on." On the coldest March day ever recorded in New York City?

The superintendent of an apartment house across from the site of the first attack told me he had seen nothing. "I was in the basement stoking the furnace." Stoking an oil-burner?

The wife of a dentist in a first-floor apartment said the leaves on the trees had blocked her vision. The trees had yet to bud as I talked to her.

A well-dressed man in his 60's said he had figured the noise came from a nearby bar. For a year the bar had been closing at midnight—three hours before the attack.

To this day I can't understand why these decent people concocted such stories.

Shortly before I covered the crime, I had returned from living in Paris, where I had been editor of the *Times*'s international edition. I had forgotten how callous New Yorkers could be. The shock led me to write the story in a way that made it clear how I felt about those 38 witnesses.

The story appeared on March 27, Good Friday, and was distributed worldwide. It ran on the first page of *Pravda*, was read into the *Congressional Record* and was analyzed by psychiatrists, psychologists and students of human behavior.

The lies bothered me then. They bother me today.

As I think back on it, I realize that a key ingredient in the silence of the 38 witnesses was the fact that they did not mingle with each other. Inside the lovely houses with their well-tended lawns on clean, uncluttered streets, the residents of Kew Gardens lived very private lives. Rarely, in my dozen visits following the crime, did I see anyone on the street.

In later years, I returned to the area many times. Once, a young man recognized me. "You wrote that story," he said. "You told us what we had done."

The owner of a local luncheonette wouldn't let me pay for a malted and a piece of pound cake. "You're the man who opened our eyes," he said.

Others treated me with disdain. "It could happen anywhere," they said. "Why pick on us?"

Kew Gardens, like most things, had changed. But still I wonder. Could it happen again? ■

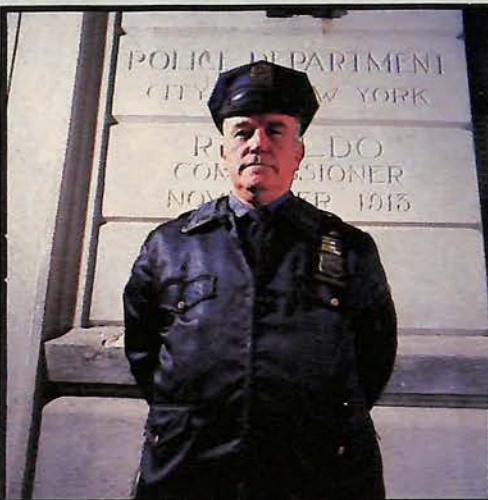
MARTIN GANSBERG is a public relations consultant and a former chairman of the journalism department at Fairleigh Dickinson University.

# "Everyone Knows What"



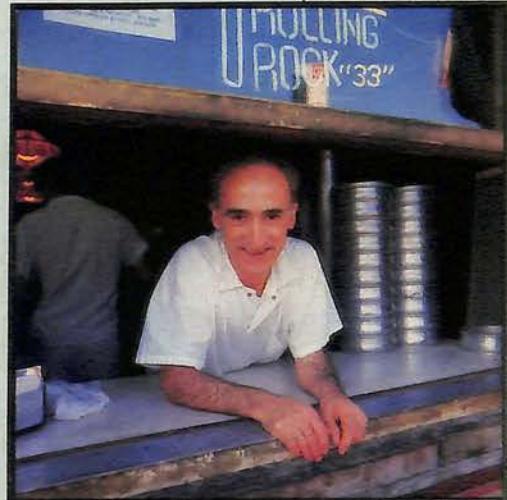
**Donna Dowling**, 33, a waitress at the *Take a Break* coffee shop, has worked in Kew Gardens for 10 years.

"The customers talk about Kitty Genovese a lot—to this day, she comes up in conversation every week or so. Everyone knows who she is and what happened. It's a real shame that nobody helped her. People say that everyone who heard it assumed that someone else had called the cops. I don't know, but I think they'd let it happen again. Everyone around here is only in it for themselves. People just don't want to get involved. It's terrible but true."



**Police Officer Robert McDermott**, 58, has worked at the 102d Precinct for 30 years.

"Amazingly, we got very good press when the Genovese story broke because our response was so quick when someone finally called us. I don't think it is at all possible that we could have ignored earlier calls. It was an aloof community, and the police were considered a necessary evil. They only tolerated us if and when they needed us. I shouldn't rap the community, but they took better care of their lawns than they did their neighbors. Today, the community is much more involved. We have community council meetings where people can register complaints, mostly about noise and kids hanging out. There have been quite a few burglaries in Kew Gardens, but that's normal for an affluent neighborhood."

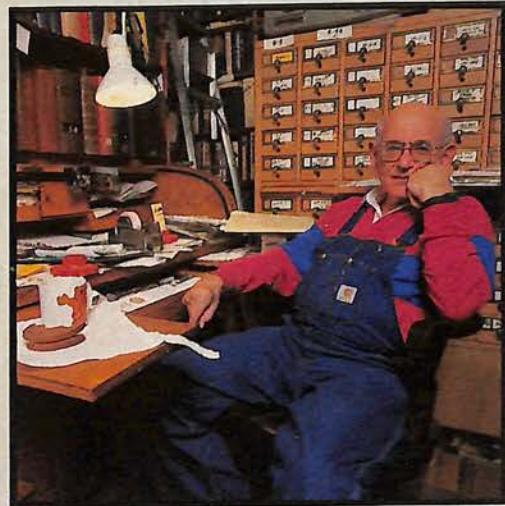


**Andreca Cupi**, 51, is the manager of Dani's restaurant. Born in Albania, he has worked in Kew Gardens for 28 years.

"I don't think the press exaggerated the story. A story like that is never too big a deal. Those people who saw and heard are guilty. They should have called and called until someone came to help. I'm still angry at those people. But I don't think it could happen again. After all the criticism, I think people today would call much sooner. I know that people are afraid, but to call the police—it is the minimum you can do."

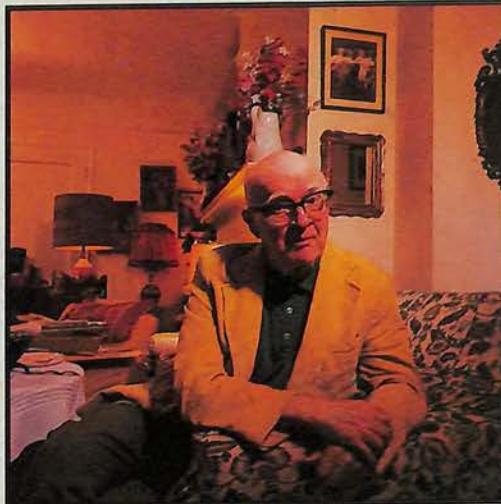
# Happened"

Reported by Delphine Taylor



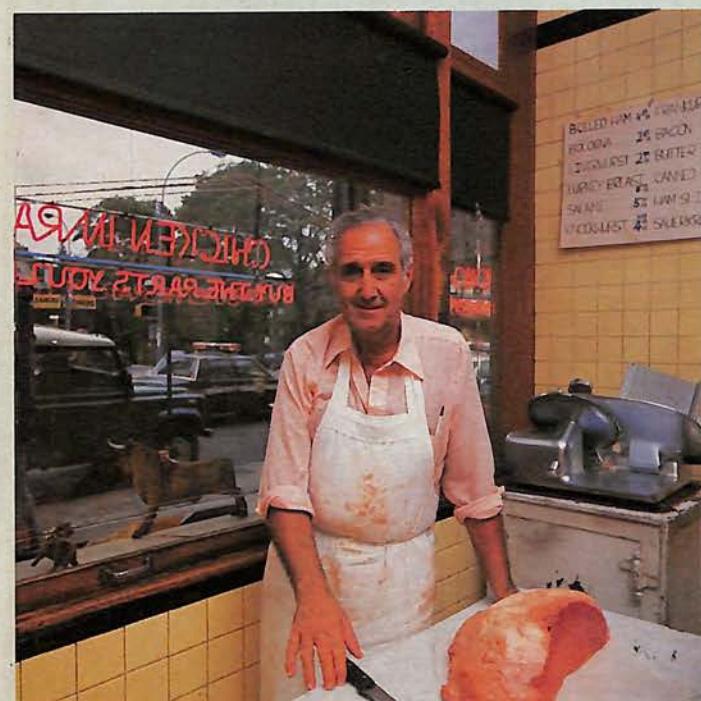
**Bernard Titowsky**, 63, owned a bookstore on Austin Street at the time of Kitty's murder. He has since moved his store to neighboring Richmond Hill.

"I had to clean the blood off the sidewalk in front of my shop the morning they found Kitty. The area where she lived was like an island, a small slum. It was not representative of the whole neighborhood. *The New York Times* claimed there were 38 witnesses, but many of those people were not really witnesses. They were people who heard screams in the night, screams they were used to hearing from the bar. The police claimed they never received a call, but a lot of people told me they did call. The truth has not been told. Why? Because the story has become myth.



**John Morka**, 74, a retired newspaper reporter, has lived in Kew Gardens for 40 years.

"The next morning [after the murder], I saw some detectives in my lobby, but I thought nothing of it. When I read that 38 people had witnessed the crime, I said it was all a bunch of crap. Nobody could have heard her—it was winter and windows were closed. I never believed what the press said. I think they exaggerated the number of witnesses to make a good story. There's no way that 38 people could have heard and not one of them picked up the phone."



**Vinnie Marciari**, 65, owner of Blendersmann's Kew Gardens Market, has lived in the neighborhood most of his life.

"I had customers who said they heard her screaming, but none of them called the cops. They didn't want to get involved. It's a real tragedy . . . such a young girl. And it could happen again. It will happen again."

**Chris Theil**, 32, a home economics teacher, has lived for 11 years in the apartment house next door to Kitty Genovese's.

"Before I moved here, I read up about the Kitty story. I wasn't sure about this area and I wanted to know if it was safe. There's always

been a lot of noise in the street at night—people playing or couples fighting—and I used to jump up and look out the window every time I heard something. But you can't keep yourself awake every night worrying about every noise. Nowadays, I think people would react differently—they're more concerned since there's so much crime around."

**Sarra Rozenboysyn**, 65, moved to Kew Gardens from the Soviet Union eight years ago.

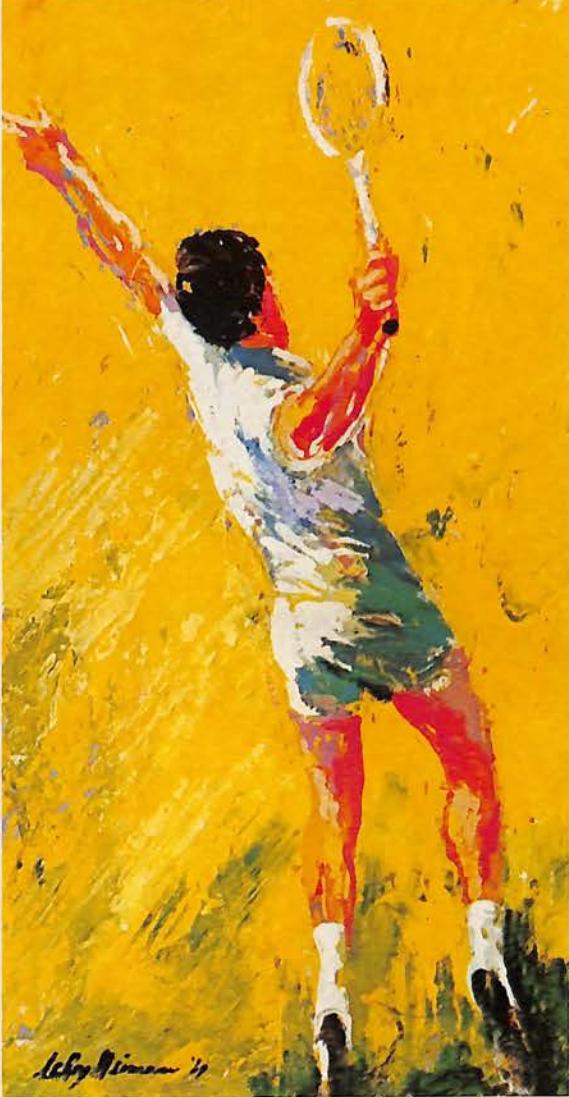
"People are afraid and so they won't help each other. In Russia, if someone was being attacked on the subway or on the street, people would help them. But in America, nobody would. They are much too afraid."

**Greta Schwarz**, 83, has lived in the apartment house next to Kitty's for more than 40 years.

"I never heard any screaming. My bedroom is in the middle of the building, not in the front, and you can't hear anything. But the police were called. An ambulance was called. One girl from across the street, a French girl, said she called the police. But they made fun of her accent and so she hung up on them. She was the only one who called right away—she was coming home from her job at the airport. I helped—I tried to help—but it was too late. A neighbor called me, saying that I should go and see Kitty, and so I went over right away, not suspecting anything. There she was, lying on the floor. But it was too late. It was awful."

**Connie** [last name and age withheld] has lived across the street from Kitty's building for more than 40 years.

"The true story has never been told. They said no one called the police, but I know that 17 people called—some called twice. The police didn't respond because they thought it was just another brawl at the bar. Why did people say they didn't call? I guess because they didn't want the publicity. But that's just what they got. I think the press damaged a lot of people. Today, most of the old-timers are gone and mostly young people live in our building. They are much more into themselves. You know, since the incident, I have never driven home alone at night."



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CHARLES MOORE/BLACK STAR



NIXON: Takes oath of office

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



INS AND OUTS Lew Alcindor (later Kareem Abdul-Jabbar) named most valuable basketball player in NCAA for third year in row . . . Mickey Mantle (here greeting fan) announces retirement . . . U.S. singles figure-skating championships to Tim Wood and Janet Lynn.

PHOTOFEST



PLAY'S THE THING Woody Allen's *Play It Again, Sam* opens on Broadway with Diane Keaton . . . Also, Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders*, and *Promises, Promises* with Jerry Orbach . . . Movies: *Oliver*, and *Yellow Submarine* with cartoon Beatles . . . Boris Karloff—born William Pratt, son of a British civil servant—dies at 81 . . . Best sellers: Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*, Arthur Hailey's *Airport*.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

DEATH KNELLS Sirhan Sirhan tells trial court he does not remember shooting Robert Kennedy . . . James Earl Ray pleads guilty to killing Martin Luther King Jr., gets 99 years . . . *Saturday Evening Post* ceases publication after 141 years.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



ROBERT LEBOEUF/BLACK STAR

TOP SPOTS Golda Meir, who once taught school in Milwaukee, becomes Israel's fourth premier . . . Henry Cabot Lodge (below) takes job in Paris as head of U.S. delegation to Vietnam peace talks . . . Yasir Arafat emerges as leader of Palestine Liberation Organization . . . Maginot Line pillboxes selling as vacation homes for \$125 to \$1,000 . . . Russia and China clash in Siberian border dispute.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

## COMING RIGHT UP:



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## 20 YEARS AGO: DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER DIES

*The 34th President's genial leadership may have suited an opposition Congress better than we knew. Are there lessons for today?*

# IKE Looking Better All the Time

By Stephen E. Ambrose



With wife Mamie, en route to his 1953 inaugural.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

**S**hortly after President Dwight D. Eisenhower left office, a national poll of American historians placed him nearly at the bottom of the list of Presidents. In part, that reflected the liberal bias of most academics, but it also reflected the general view of millions of thoughtful and involved citizens. Rather like Ronald Reagan 28 years later, Ike was liked more than he was admired; he was seen as steady, lovable, reassuring, but not immensely competent.

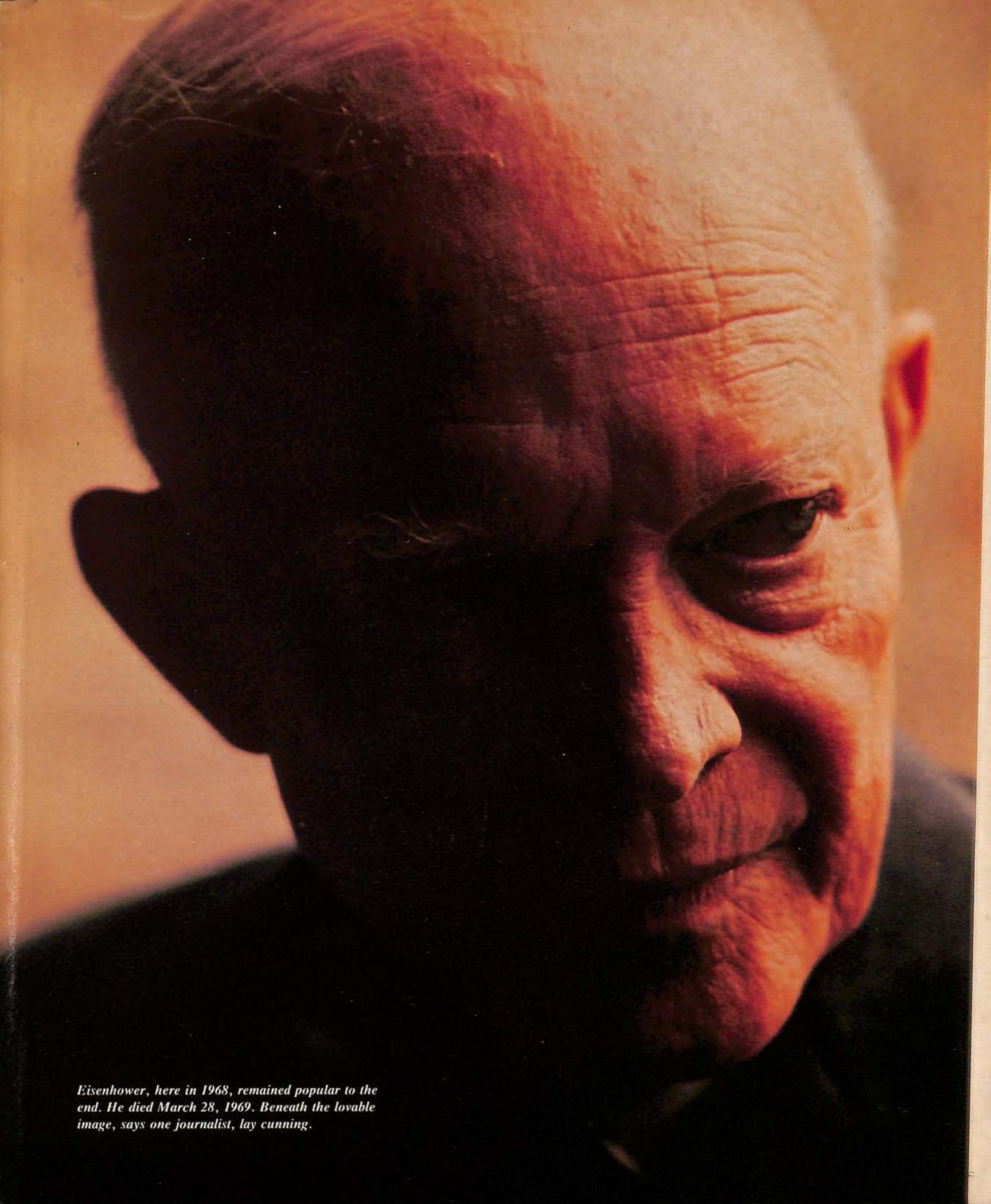
In 1967, in a celebrated article that appeared in *Esquire* magazine, "The Underestimation of Dwight D. Eisenhower," Murray Kempton admitted that Ike had actually been much shrewder and more in control of events than Kempton, or other reporters, had ever imagined during the 1950's. Ike was "the great tortoise upon whose back the world sat for eight years," Kempton wrote, "never recognizing the cunning beneath the shell."

Kempton was not alone in his reappraisal. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who had written speeches for Adlai Stevenson and who had been critical of Ike for failing to exercise vigorous executive leadership, was one of many academics who changed their minds about Eisenhower. In *The Imperial Presidency*, which Schlesinger wrote after Watergate, he even criticized Ike for going *too far* in his use of executive powers, especially in foreign affairs.

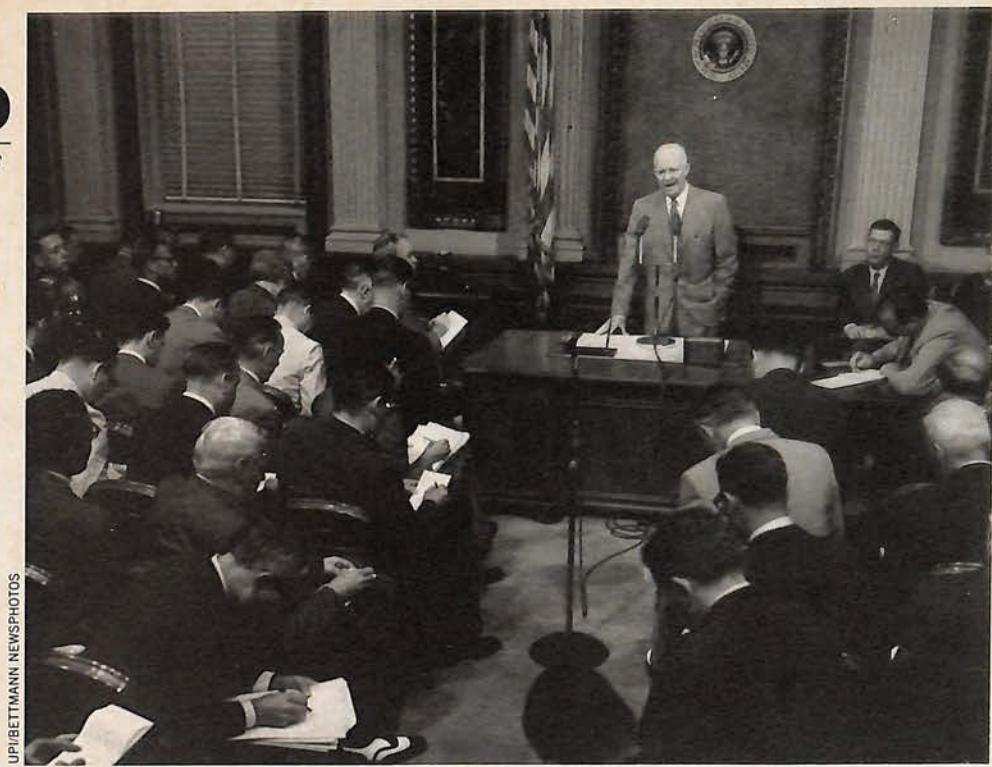
By the 1980's the scholarly literature on Ike had done a complete reversal. When researchers were given full access to the documents of the Eisenhower Administration (at the Eisenhower Library in Abilene, Kan.), they discovered a President who was very much in control of events major and minor, a forceful and dynamic leader (albeit one who preferred a "hidden hand" type of leadership), a statesman who maintained peace and prosperity while balancing the budget. In comparison to his successors, Ike looked terrific. In 1983 a new poll of American historians placed him ninth on the list of Presidents, and his reputation continues to rise: Today he is ranked just below Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt.

This reassessment is based on Ike's solid accomplishments, but we must also recall the basis for the original negative judgment. Ike made mistakes, and there were areas in which he failed to provide the leadership the times required—particularly in the case of Senator Joseph McCarthy. In his heart, Ike wanted to see McCarthy removed from national public life. But because he refused to denounce McCarthy by name or otherwise stand up to him, the senator was able to do much damage to civil liberties, the Republican Party, numerous individuals, the U.S. Army and the executive branch itself before he finally destroyed himself in the Army-McCarthy hearings. Ike's only significant contribution to McCarthy's downfall was denying him access to executive records and personnel. Eisenhower's cautious, hesitant approach to the McCarthy issue did the President's reputation much harm.

Eisenhower wanted to provide leadership that would both draw on and illuminate America's moral superiority to the Soviet Union. But on one of the great moral issues of the day, the struggle to elimi-



*Eisenhower, here in 1968, remained popular to the end. He died March 28, 1969. Beneath the lovable image, says one journalist, lay cunning.*



Ike's garbled syntax confounded both press and public. But he was a good steward who knew how to manage crises without frightening people out of their wits.

nate racial segregation from American life, he provided only minimal leadership. His failure to speak out, his refusal to indicate personal approval of *Brown v. Board of Education*, did incalculable harm to the civil rights crusade and to America's image in the world.

In contrast to FDR and Truman, the critics said, Ike was no leader at all. He was a Whig President in a time that demanded dramatic exercise of executive power. Eisenhower was sensitive about this charge. When Henry Luce made it, in an August 1960 *Life* editorial, Ike wrote to him, "not to defend, merely to explain."

Ike said he realized that many people thought "I have been too easy a boss." What they did not realize was that he had been forced to work with a Democrat-controlled Congress, so he had chosen methods "calculated to attract cooperation." He could not afford "to lash out at partisan charges and publicity-seeking demagogues." Further, the Government had become "too big, too complex and too pervasive in its influence for one individual to pretend to direct the details of its important and critical programming." In these circumstances, the President had to be willing to show patience, understanding, a readiness to delegate authority and an acceptance of responsibility for honest errors.

Finally, Eisenhower concluded, "In war and in peace I've had no respect for the desk-pounder and have despised the loud

and slick talker. If my own ideas and practices in this matter have sprung from weakness, I do not know. But they were and are deliberate or, rather, natural to me. They are not accidental."

How effective these "ideas and practices" actually were can be seen in his accomplishments. First, he presided over eight years of nearly full employment and 1½ percent annual inflation, marred only by two minor recessions. Indeed, by almost every standard—gross national product, personal income and savings, home buying, auto purchases, capital investment, highway construction—it was the best decade of the century. Surely Eisenhower's fiscal policies, his refusal to cut taxes or increase defense spending, his insistence on a balanced budget, played some role in creating this happy situation.

Under Eisenhower the nation enjoyed domestic peace and tranquility—at least as measured against what followed in the 1960's. One of Ike's major goals in 1953 was to tone down the excesses of political rhetoric and partisanship. He managed to achieve that goal, at least in a negative way, by not dismantling the New Deal, the legacy of his Democratic predecessors. Under Ike, the number of people covered by Social Security doubled. The New Deal's regulatory commissions stayed in place. Expenditures for public works actually went up, as Eisenhower personally drove through Congress two of the greatest and most successful building projects of all

time, the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Interstate Highway System.

Ike was a good steward. He did not sell off public land or open the national parks to commercial or mineral exploitation. He retained and expanded the Tennessee Valley Authority. He stopped nuclear testing in the atmosphere.

In the field of civil rights, he ordered the desegregation of Washington, D.C., completed the desegregation of the armed forces and sponsored and signed the first civil rights legislation since Reconstruction. When he had to, at Little Rock in 1957, he acted decisively. These were positive, if limited, gains.

Democrats criticized Ike for not providing a stirring call to arms, for failing to commit the nation to some great moral cause or overriding goal. They said he was quite content to preside over a fat, happy, satisfied nation that devoted itself to making money and enjoying life. There was truth in the charge, but there was also truth in Ike's rebuttal, that he created a climate in which the American people could fully exercise one of their inalienable rights, the pursuit of happiness.

Ike's great foreign policy accomplishments were to make peace in Korea in 1953 and to keep the peace thereafter. We cannot know whether any other man could have led the country through the most intense period of the Cold War without military confrontation. What we do know is that Eisenhower did. Ike boasted that "the United States never lost a soldier or a foot of ground in my administration. We kept the peace. People asked how it happened—by God, it didn't just happen, I'll tell you that."

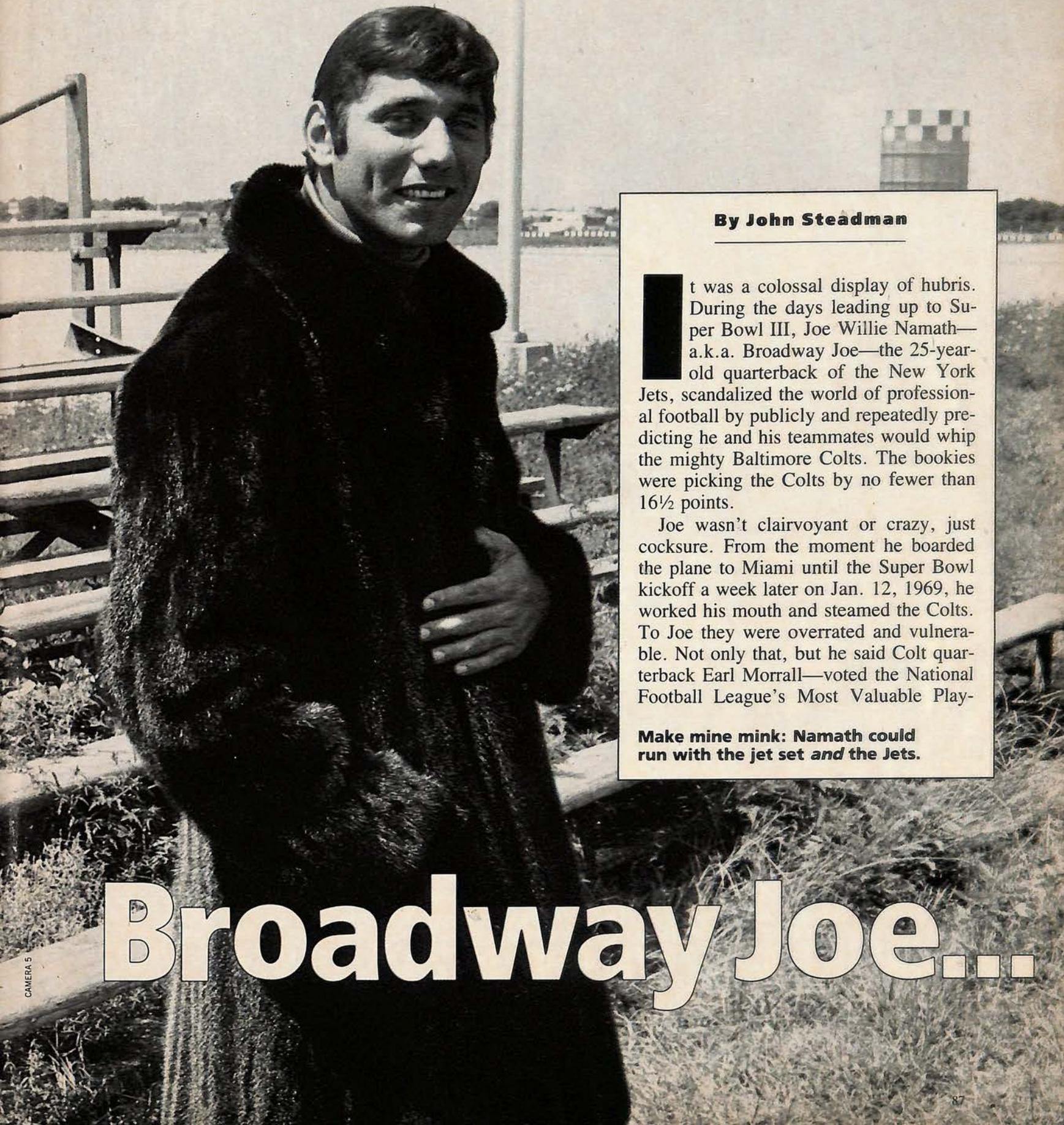
What he did best was to manage crises: The Korean crisis of 1953, the Dien Bien Phu crisis of 1954, the Quemoy and Matsu crisis of 1955, the Hungarian and Suez crises of 1956, the Sputnik and Little Rock crises of 1957, the Formosa crisis of 1958, the Berlin crisis of 1959, the U-2 crisis of 1960. Ike managed each one without over-reacting, without going to war, without increasing defense spending, without frightening people half out of their wits. He downplayed each one, insisted that a solution could be found and then found one. It was a magnificent performance.

Eisenhower gave the American people eight years of peace, prosperity and balanced budgets. No other President in the 20th century can make that claim. No wonder millions of Americans feel that the country was damned lucky to have him. ■

STEPHEN E. AMBROSE is a professor of history at the University of New Orleans and the author of *Eisenhower*, a two-volume biography.

## 20 YEARS AGO: JOE NAMATH "GUARANTEES" A SUPER BOWL UPSET

*The bookies picked the Baltimore Colts to beat the upstart New York Jets by more than two touchdowns. Who wouldn't have?*



**By John Steadman**

**I**t was a colossal display of hubris. During the days leading up to Super Bowl III, Joe Willie Namath—a.k.a. Broadway Joe—the 25-year-old quarterback of the New York Jets, scandalized the world of professional football by publicly and repeatedly predicting he and his teammates would whip the mighty Baltimore Colts. The bookies were picking the Colts by no fewer than 16½ points.

Joe wasn't clairvoyant or crazy, just cocksure. From the moment he boarded the plane to Miami until the Super Bowl kickoff a week later on Jan. 12, 1969, he worked his mouth and steamed the Colts. To Joe they were overrated and vulnerable. Not only that, but he said Colt quarterback Earl Morrall—voted the National Football League's Most Valuable Play-

**Make mine mink: Namath could run with the jet set and the Jets.**

# Broadway Joe...



NEIL LEIFER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

**Namath whipsawed the Colts by alternating the pass and the run, often changing the play at the line of scrimmage. Most important, he controlled the "fifth factor."**

# ...Delivers

er—wouldn't even have made the Jets' third string.

A Jet victory? "I guarantee it," Joe proclaimed more than once.

Fighting words! I covered the Colts for the *Baltimore News American* and had seen every NFL game they'd played since 1950. Like most sportswriters—and most fans—I believed that Joe was heading for a fall. The Colts, after all, represented the proven pros of the 49-year-old NFL. The Jets were upstarts from the American Football League, then only nine years old. In Super Bowls I and II, the NFL had dominated the AFL. Given these mismatches,

there was concern that the championship format might well need changing. More than bragging rights were at stake in this Jets-Colts matchup.

Namath, of course, was nervy by nature. He was already as famous for his escapades in the nightspots as for his on-the-field heroics, a reputation he now maintains was exaggerated. "I was a bachelor in one of the greatest towns in our world," he explains, "and I had a little bit of money and I liked the company of the opposite sex and I enjoyed myself. But my first obligation was to the Jets."

Out of Beaver Falls, Pa., by way of

Bear Bryant's Crimson Tide football factory at the University of Alabama, Namath signed with the Jets in 1965 for a then-phenomenal \$400,000—plus a Lincoln convertible. His long hair, his on-again, off-again Fu Manchu mustache and his impatience with authority put him front and center in the defiant 60's generation. To some of his elders he was anathema; others he could disarm with a wink and his dimpled, ear-to-ear smile.

Namath naughty and Namath cunning were both on exhibit the night he encountered Colt kicker Lou Michaels in a Fort Lauderdale, Fla., restaurant the Sunday before the Super Bowl. Namath was working on his friendship with Johnnie Walker when in came the muscular Michaels. In Michaels's version, Joe broke the ice: "We're going to whip you," he told the kicker, "and, furthermore, kick the ---- out of you." Lou took a deep breath and replied, "Haven't you ever heard of the word modesty, Joseph?"

In Namath's memory, it was Michaels who threw the first taunt. Joe responded with a rhetorical question: "Lou, what do

you know? You're nothing but a damn kicker." Lou was steaming. "Whooee!" says Namath today. "That big old square jaw of Lou's stood out, and I thought I had just committed suicide." But onlookers intervened, and the rivals were persuaded to sit down and break bread, not head. At the end of the evening, Namath, with typical panache, peeled a \$100 bill off a wad and picked up the tab for Michaels and everyone else at the table.

The game itself was played in the Orange Bowl under cloudy skies. At first the oddsmakers appeared to have known something. No sooner did the Colts get the ball than Earl Morrall launched a rumbling 51-yard drive. When it stalled at the Jet 19-yard line, Michaels came out to try a 27-yard field goal. Missing by inches, it was the first of three Michaels attempts that failed that afternoon. "I should have allowed for the wind," says the kicker, who today is athletic director of the Luzerne County Correctional Facility in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Namath the prophet now became Namath the messiah. He had always been a consummate passer who would backpedal daringly deep (despite his bad knees) and then flip the ball from his ear with the fastest release in football. That day he whipsawed the Colts by alternating the pass and the run, often confounding his opponents by changing the play at the line of scrimmage to exploit a suddenly seen weakness.

Late in the second quarter, Namath pushed the Jets to the Colt 4-yard line. There he handed off to his main ground weapon, fullback Matt Snell, who muscled into the end zone for a touchdown.

The most talked-about moment in the game came when the Colts, desperate to score before halftime, attempted an updated version of the old flea-flicker play. Morrall handed off to halfback Tom Matte, who swept end, then pivoted and delivered a long lateral back to Morrall, who prepared to pass. The Jets, taken in by the subterfuge, had let Colt end Jimmy Orr slip past them to the goal line, where he stood alone in the corner of the field, waving frantically. Morrall, for some reason, was unable to pick up Orr, and he threw over the middle to fullback Jerry Hill. The ball was intercepted by Jet safety Jim Hudson. Orr, who went on to become a restaurateur in Atlanta, still remembers the play in the present tense: "I'm holding my hand up waving, trying to make sure he can find me." All 75,000 fans in the Orange Bowl would later claim to have seen Orr open. Why hadn't Morrall? Had Orr's blue jersey blended with the uni-

forms of a marching band massed on the sideline? Morrall, who today owns a country club near Fort Lauderdale, says the marching band had nothing to do with it. He simply saw Hill in the clear, and, with a Jet lineman charging, threw to him.

The Jets went to the sanctuary of the locker room with a 7-0 advantage—and an immense psychological boost. They had been on the field with the supposedly invincible Colts and still had their heads attached and all extremities intact.

On the first play of the second half, the Colts' Matte fumbled the ball and Jet linebacker Ralph Baker recovered. For the rest of the game, miscues and bad breaks deviled the Colts. The Jets, in full stride, turned those breaks into points as Namath maneuvered his team into field-goal range three times. Kicker Jim Turner, now a radio sports-show host in Denver, hit all three. As he puts it today, "I was on a roll."

Down 16-0 with 3 minutes to go in the third quarter, Colt coach Don Shula realized that somehow he had to break the spell. He called on the old pro, Johnny Unitas, the legendary quarterback who had been sidelined for most of the season with an injured elbow. (Baltimore could always tap Unitas in an emergency, Michaels had assured Namath that evening in Fort Lauderdale. Joe's retort: "I hope you do, be-

cause then the game will be too far gone.")

Jet fullback Snell, who today runs a construction company in Manhattan, remembers hearing a tremendous roar and realizing that it meant Unitas was warming up. "After the initial shock of seeing a legend like that come off the sidelines," he recalls, "we noticed how he was throwing—a couple got batted down. He had pulled off so many miracles over the years, but you could see he just didn't have it left."

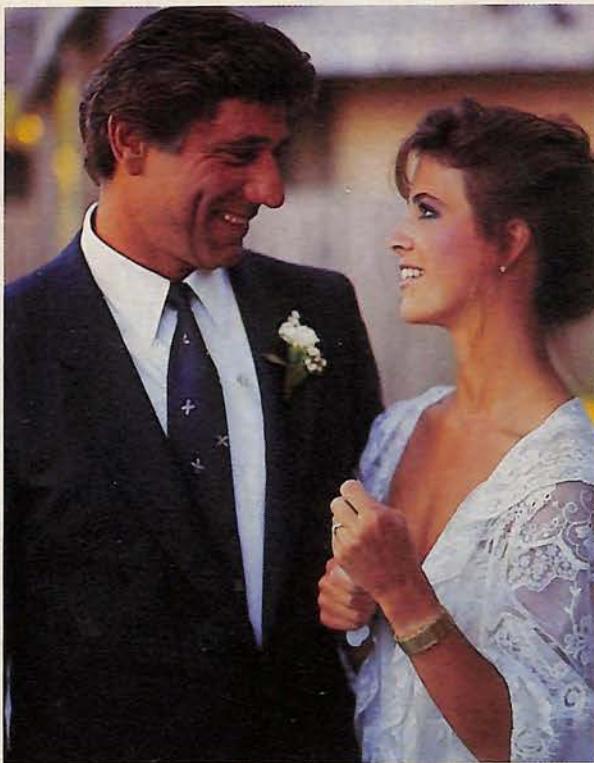
Unitas, now executive vice president of a Baltimore circuit-board manufacturing company, maintains he should have gone into the game earlier and thinks Shula wanted to prove he could win without him. But Shula, today the head coach of the Miami Dolphins, disagrees: "It wasn't Earl's fault that we weren't putting points on the board. And when I did go to Unitas, we still had plenty of time to win."

Maybe. But it was not until midway through the fourth quarter that Unitas put his team on the scoreboard with an 80-yard touchdown drive—a classic example of too little, too late. The Colts' hopes evaporated as the Jets ran time off the clock. Final score: Jets 16, Colts 7.

At game's end, I pondered how dead-wrong the pre-kickoff assessments had been—and how right Namath's. The late sportswriter Paul Gallico once said that in any major sporting event the pre-game expectations of the press, the public and the teams combine to form a "fifth factor" affecting the outcome. If Gallico was right, certainly Namath controlled the fifth factor in Miami 20 years ago.

And perhaps, too, the Colts had deluded themselves into believing that the Jets were a piece of cake. Jimmy Orr, for one, thinks that was a factor: "We were out partying, having a good time. We certainly were not ready to play." The Jets, for their part, had honed their game on the scorn they had long endured from fans, the press and their NFL brethren, some of whom considered the AFL as tough as Mickey Mouse. Their veteran coach, Weeb Ewbank, fired six years before by Baltimore, skillfully whetted their appetite for vengeance.

But it was Namath's game. He not only forecast the outcome, he made it happen.



**Namath married actress Deborah Mays in 1984. Today he divides his time between acting and sports commentary.**



"Joe called the game plan and executed it like a surgeon," says Orr. "He was near perfect."

Super Joe may not have thrown a touch-down pass that day. But the attention he drew to the Super Bowl helped make it an American institution.

Today he insists his pre-game taunts, far from being calculated to psych his opponents, came only from wounded pride. "I was irritated because the Jets weren't getting enough respect," he says. As for calling Morrall not even a third-stringer, Namath says he meant only that "the AFL had four or five better quarterbacks, and one of them, Babe Parilli, was on the Jets." Namath recalls that coach Ewbank cautioned him to cool it. And he remembers telling Ewbank, "If the Colts need newspaper clips to get fired up for this game, then we have 'em in big trouble."

Namath credits the victory less to his braggadocio than to standout performances by his teammates. He even allows as how he played a fair game himself. "I'm proud we won with no turnovers and no interceptions," he says. "And I only got nabbed once by the blitz."

Since retiring from play in 1976 (he made the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1985), Namath, 45, has divided his time between acting and sports commentary for NBC. He has been in three largely forgettable movies (*C. C. and Company*, *The Last Rebel*, *Avalanche Express*) and acted on TV and the stage. Married since 1984, he and his wife, Deborah, an actress, have a 3-year-old daughter, Jessica. The former night owl recently moved with his family from L.A. to Connecticut to devote more time to hearth and home. "I'm a better husband and father because of the experiences of my younger years," he says—without winking. ■

JOHN STEADMAN is a sports columnist for the Baltimore Evening Sun and the author of three books about the Colts.





**Daughter Jessica, 3, instructs her doting dad in the art of broken-field running at their Connecticut farm.**

# Heirs Apparent



KING III

KING JR. 1968

music, but her real ambition is acting. She plans to study drama at New York University after her high school graduation this June. Growing up the daughter of a rock star had its curious aspects. "She was always more outrageous than me," says China. "I was a preppie while mom had, like, blue hair!"

## Martin Luther King III,

31, bachelor son of the slain civil rights leader, is the commissioner of Georgia's Fulton County. King, who says his father "opened the door so that I and many others could run for public office," also heads Leadership 2000, a program that recruits and trains political hopefuls for the public arena. While optimistic about opportunities for minorities in politics, King admits his father's goals remain elusive. "We've got a lot of work to do," he says, "before we are anywhere near achieving the dream my father had, a dream in which freedom, justice and equality become real for everyone."

**China Kantner**, 18, appears occasionally as a video jockey on MTV but prefers "to hang out with my parents," rock-and-rollers Grace Slick and Paul Kantner. She lives in Marin County, Calif., with her mother, lead singer with the seminal 60's group Jefferson Airplane. China says she loves

television, lives in Santa Monica, Calif., with her fiancé, filmmaker Clyde Smith. She is skeptical—but also good-humored—about her mother's much-publicized belief in reincarnation. Says Sachi of MacLaine's notion that Sachi was *her* mother in a previous life, "We all take care of our moms sometimes."



PARKER



MACLAINE CIRCA 1955

**Sachi Parker**, 32, daughter of actress Shirley MacLaine and producer Steve Parker, appeared in the 1985 film *Stick* and last year co-anchored *Manhattan Express*, a daily program of American news broadcast in Japan. Although her parents were married to each other until 1982, they were apart much of the time, and Sachi grew up in Tokyo with her father. "It wasn't so bad," she says today of the separation from her mother. "We still talked a lot." Sachi, now writing a script for

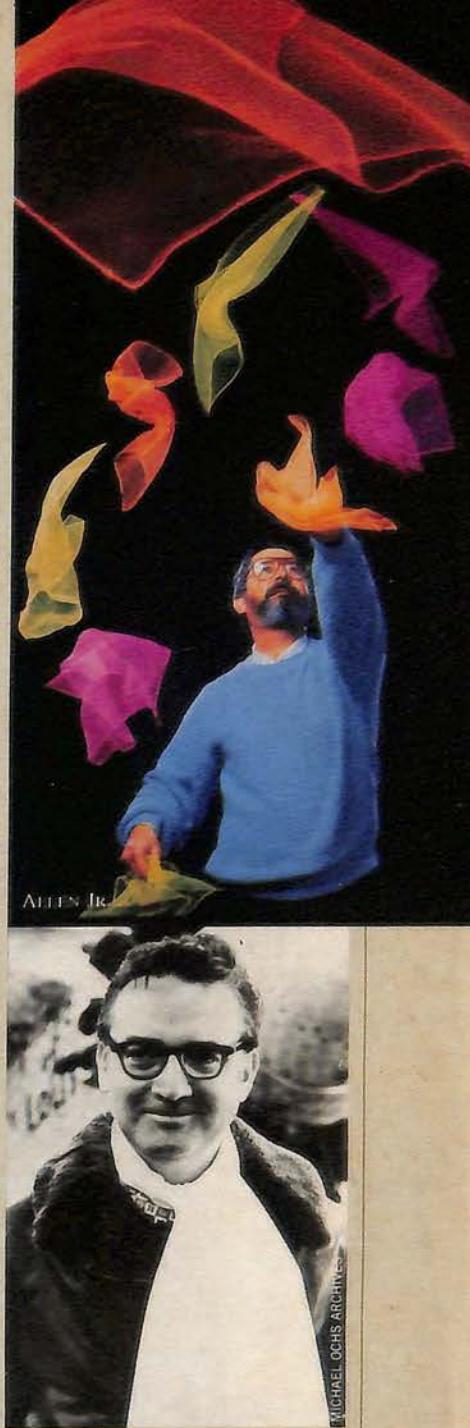
**Steve Allen Jr.**, 44, son of the TV and nightclub entertainer, practices family medicine in upstate New York, where he lives with his wife, a professor of human sexuality at Cornell, and their two children. He also lectures on stress management. Insisting that laughter is the best medicine, Steve Jr. tries to get his audiences chuckling while teaching them to juggle brightly colored scarves, a stress-reducing exercise. Steve Jr. says he's no entertainer but believes a good sense of humor, inherited from his father, has helped him in his medical career. "I used to invest a lot of mental energy trying not to be like my father, but then I said to myself, 'Why don't you stop? You sound like him, you look like him, you laugh like him!' Once I stopped, I felt much more confident." Father and son frequently give joint talks about the healing effects of humor. "I consider myself



KANTNER



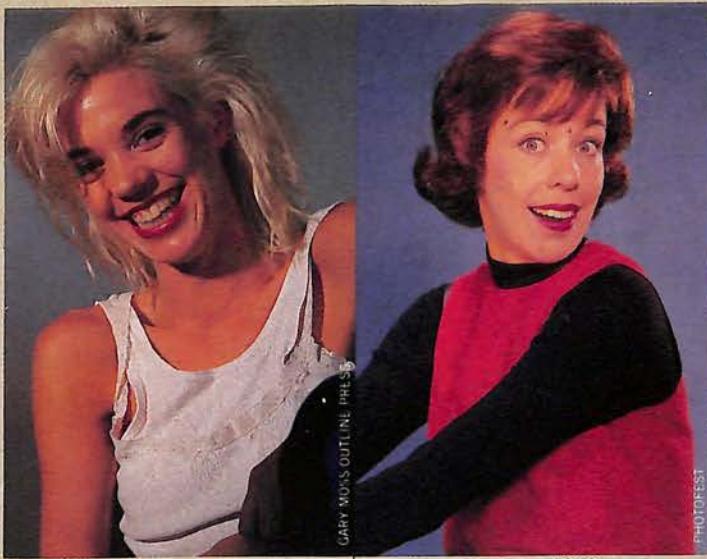
SLICK 1968



ALLEN SR. CIRCA 1969

an entertaining healer," says the younger Allen, "and my father a healing entertainer."

**Carrie Hamilton**, 25, daughter of comedian/actress Carol Burnett and producer Joe Hamilton, is lead vocalist with the heavy-metal rock band Big Business. "It's the most important thing in the world to me," says Carrie. Last year she co-starred with her mother in the TV film *Hostage* and appeared in the films *Tokyo*



HAMILTON

BURNETT 1962

*Pop and Shag.* She also danced on the TV series *Fame*. "Acting was just a hobby that turned into a business. I made money and was able to support my music habit," Carrie says. "If I continued acting, I would be compared to my mother, and if people aren't going to look at me for me, then I'll just wait until they can." Carrie and her mother are collaborating on a book, *Under One Roof*, about the drug problem that first thrust Carrie into the limelight 10 years ago, and about its effect on the family. Writing about it was emotionally draining, but also a relief. "It was like a big exhale," Carrie says.

Franklin runs Samaritan's Purse, a church-based relief organization, and World Medical Mission, a service organization that recruits U.S. physicians to work in hospitals in third world countries. Living in Boone, N.C., with his wife and four children, Franklin also serves on the board of directors of the Billy Graham Evangelical Association. "He's been such a help to me all my life," says Franklin of his 70-year-old father. "Maybe as he gets older I can help him in some ways." Franklin admits that his father's career was not always easy on the family. "One time he was gone for over six months, and none of us even recognized him when he came home."

**Roy Rogers Jr.**, 42, is a general contractor who recently oversaw the renovation of the Roy Rogers-Dale Evans Museum in Victorville, Calif. A part-time country-and-Western singer whose latest album, *Many Happy Trails*, is a collaboration with his parents, Roy Jr. is also a licensed firearms dealer. "Dad taught me how to shoot when I was five," he says. His natural mother died when he was six days old, and Dale Evans, his father's second wife, raised him, the oldest of nine children (several of whom are adopted). The only one interested in a Hollywood career, he gave it up after a couple of mediocre B-Westerns (one was *Arizona Bushwackers*, 1966, with



FRANKLIN GRAHAM BILLY GRAHAM 1954

Like his father, **Franklin Graham**, 36, son of evangelist Billy Graham, has felt a call to the church, but he has chosen to respond in a different way. "I love my father, but I'm not going to try to be him or imitate the gifts he has," Franklin observes. With a business degree from Appalachian State University,

Yvonne DeCarlo) and ho-hum TV appearances. "The jobs were too few and far between to make a living," he says, and his parents "were never ones to pull strings." He described life in the Rogers household in *Growing Up with Roy and Dale*, a 1986 autobiography. "It's very difficult as an offspring of a celebrity to cut your own swath in the world," he says today. "It was difficult to share our lives with millions and millions of kids."



ROGERS JR.

ROGERS SR. CIRCA 1950

**Rick Caesar**, 36, son of comedian Sid Caesar, is an emergency room physician in Portland, Ore. Although he resembles his famous father in some ways—"There is a part of me that is irreverent, satirical, cynical and humorous"—he believes that the instability of show business and the toll it took on his father led him to go in the opposite direction. In his work, Rick says, "I must be the antithesis of a comedian. . . . I have to be drastically sober, drastically responsible." He recalls that the elder Caesar, who battled drug and alcohol abuse for most of Rick's childhood but is now recovered, was as much a brother as a father: "He never acted like a parental figure, but like a little kid. He threw temper tantrums and got silly. He was the classical sad clown in many respects." Today father and son remain on very good terms. "We were friends and equals when I was 8, and we've sort of grown up together," says Rick.



BUCKLEY

HORNE CIRCA 1965

### Gail Lumet Buckley

50, daughter of singer Lena Horne, won critical praise for her 1981 biography, *The*



RICK CAESAR

SID CAESAR 1962

## LETTERS



### Babes in Arms

FOR THOSE OF US WHO WEREN'T OLD enough to experience these events when they happened, your depiction of them makes us feel as if it were yesterday. I hope MEMORIES will be around forever so one day I can show my children the events of 1988 and how they have affected their lives!

KAREN FRANK  
New York, N.Y.

SINCE YOU ARE IN THE HABIT OF UPDATING events from the recent past, could you also update the impending birth of [Assistant to the Editor] Patty Greenbaum's baby [“Editor's Letter”]?

DOLORES SEMLLACH  
Toledo, Ohio

*John William Hart Greenbaum weighed in at 8 lbs., 13 oz. on Nov. 1, 1988, about two weeks after our Charter issue hit the newsstands.—Ed.*

### Hisstory

CONGRATULATIONS ON DAVID M. OSHINSKY'S well-balanced piece [“The Hiss Case”]. There were two points Mr. Oshinsky made, however, which need elaboration.

Mr. Oshinsky describes Alger Hiss's impressive résumé and initial testimony. He notes that committee members felt Chambers had ruined them after Hiss testified. This could have been expected. Even though Whittaker Chambers was a senior editor at *Time*, he was still a mysterious man. Despite his nine-year tenure at *Time* (1939-1948), few people knew what he wrote because of the magazine's no-byline policy. He was essentially a blank slate when called before H.U.A.C.

Only now, 40 years later, have Chambers's *Time* writings finally been collected in one volume, *Ghosts on the*

*Roof: Collected Journalism of Whittaker Chambers 1931-1959*, edited by Terry Teachout and due this year from Regnery Gateway. Had H.U.A.C. and the public known the power of Chambers's anti-communist convictions from these articles, his initial credibility might have fared better. Alger Hiss, for one, might have been more careful in taking him on.

Mr. Oshinsky is also mistaken about the publisher of *Witness*. It was originally published by Random House, not the conservative Regnery (although Regnery Gateway republished it in the 1980's). Chambers deliberately took it to Random House because of its reputation as the premier mainstream publishing house of the time. The subsequent popular and critical success of *Witness* proved Chambers made an astute selection.

PATRICK SWAN  
Austin, Tex.

### False Notes

STU SUTCLIFFE PLAYED BASS GUITAR, NOT drums, for the early Beatles, and he didn't even play bass guitar very well.

BECKY SMITH  
Flagstaff, Ariz.



MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

*Is our face red! You and the many other Beatle-browed readers who wrote to us about the error in a caption [“Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!”] are, of course, correct. Johnny Hutchinson (above) was the Silver Beetles' drummer, not Sutcliffe (also above, with his famous bass guitar).—Ed.*

ABOUT AN ITEM IN “50 YEARS AGO”: KATE Smith may have sung “America the Beautiful” many times, but millions tuned in to her weekly radio show just to hear her sing “God Bless America,” which Irving Berlin had written and given to her to sing.

ROB WOODWORTH  
Monterey, Calif.

### That Awful Day

YOUR KENNEDY ARTICLE [“NOV. 22, 1963”] triggered a memory of my own. I was a 19-year-old college student working part-time for the Dallas advertising agency charged with making sure the President's trip went smoothly. The city fathers, concerned about the radical right in Dallas, hired an associate of Lyndon Johnson's to plan a luncheon that would be the centerpiece of the President's trip. Moderation was the key; moderate leaders from both parties were invited—judges, doctors, preachers, priests and rabbis.

My own job was a little less grandiose. I was a flunkie in charge of teddy bears. When the mayor announced that the city was presenting Texas-sized gifts to President and Mrs. Kennedy's young children, I was to hold up these stuffed bears, which were actually taller than I was. For a good hour before the Presidential party was scheduled to arrive in the huge Market Hall, I practiced holding up the two huge teddy bears without falling down. It wasn't easy.

I had finally gotten the hang of it, I thought, when I glanced at my watch. The President was 15 minutes late. Soon the guests started milling around. Anticipation was high. Because there had been so much talk in the press about dangerous Big D, somebody joked, “Maybe someone shot him.” I didn't think that was funny.

Ten minutes later, though, when the wife of a leading Dallas lawyer said she'd heard Kennedy had been shot, I knew she was too responsible a person to spread malicious rumors. Seconds later, someone had a

portable radio, and suddenly a group gathered, guests straining to hear, whispering, mumbling—"Quiet . . . I can't hear . . . Shut up! . . . I can't hear. . . ." Then a woman screamed, "Oh God, he's dead!" And even louder, "The President's dead!"

Disbelief was soon overshadowed by a moral dilemma. Since there would be no luncheon, the toys would never be presented. With chaos spreading through the hall, no one was likely to remember the giant teddy bears. Even at this moment of our most extreme national pain, I admit, I toyed with the idea of keeping those teddys for myself. As sad and ironic souvenirs, their value would surely skyrocket.

I ruminated for a few minutes before I turned in the bears, then turned to grieve along with everyone else.

DAVID RITZ  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### One for the Road

I HAVE A LITTLE MEMORY OF SORTS concerning the Robert Mitchum film *Thunder Road* [“Film Festival”]. I paid 75 cents for a 45-r.p.m. record of Mitchum singing “The Ballad of Thunder Road”—not bad for a recording based on the most exhibited film in U.S. history! Regrettably, the song did not make the Top 40.

MARTY A. MARTINEZ  
San Antonio, Tex.

### No Rest

I HAVE JUST FINISHED READING THE FALL 1988 issue and am so moved I feel compelled to write. I read every word in it, some articles more than once. “I love it!” is not a strong enough statement. However, the feeling that I’m missing something won’t leave me alone. Please, how can I get my hands on your Premier issue? I honestly won’t rest until I’ve read every word you’ve ever printed. And I intend to keep and reread MEMORIES many times.

DORRIS SINGLEY  
Chula Vista, Calif.

*Alas, we’re out of all copies of the Premier issue [Spring 1988]. We’re as sorry as you are.—Ed.*

Please address your letters to: MEMORIES, 1515 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. You should include your address and telephone number for verification. Letters may be edited for clarity and length.

# Sponsor a Child for Only \$12 a Month.

At last! Here is a \$12 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send \$16, \$21, or \$22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for \$12 a month you will receive:

- a 3½" x 5" photograph of the child.
- a special sponsorship folder with the case history.
- a description of the country where your child lives.
- quarterly issues of our newsletter “Sponsorship News”.

And at least two personal letters a year from your child.

#### All this for only \$12 a month?

Yes—because we have searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down costs, we do not offer the so-called “trial child” that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

#### You can make the difference!

\$12 a month may not seem like much to you—but to a poor family living on an income of \$2.00 a day, your sponsorship really helps!

Will you sponsor a child? Your \$12 a month will help provide so much:

- emergency food, clothing and medical care.
- a chance to attend school.
- counseling for the child’s family to help them become self-sufficient.

#### Here is how you can sponsor a child:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if



Little Marta lives in the Holy Land—and she is only one example of children from countries around the world who urgently need a sponsor.

you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.

2. Or mark the “emergency list” box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.

3. Send your \$12 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a “trial child.”

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child’s name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? Our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and provides Americans with a beautiful way to help a youngster.

## Sponsorship Application

K9LF

Yes, I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of \$12.

Please assign me a  Boy  Girl

Country preference:  India  The Philippines  Thailand  Chile  Honduras

Dominican Republic  Colombia  Guatemala  Holy Land Crippled Child

OR, choose a child that most needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

I can’t sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

Please forward your tax-deductible check to:

## Children International

Joseph Gripkey, President  
2000 East Red Bridge Road • Box 419055  
Kansas City, Missouri 64141

*The world-wide sponsorship program of Holy Land Christian Mission, a non-profit agency serving children since 1936. Financial report readily available upon request.*

## PHOTO FINISH



**Jerry Lewis in *Scared Stiff*, 1952**

PARAMOUNT PICTURES/COURTESY OF JEAN-LOUIS GINIBRE

# Carmen Copies



**Bob Hope in *The Road to Rio*, 1947**

PARAMOUNT PICTURES/COURTESY OF JEAN-LOUIS GINIBRE



**The original:  
Carmen  
Miranda, 1943**

NBC NEWS/COURTESY OF JEAN-LOUIS GINIBRE

**Carol  
Burnett in  
*Chu Chu  
and the  
Philly  
Flash*, 1981**

LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

**NBC Today Show  
weatherman Willard  
Scott, 1984**

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Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

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The Magazine of Then and Now

If anybody wants to get me," said Jimmy Hoffa, "they know where I am..."  
PAGE 48

For all the pressures on her, Judy Garland seemed full of natural energy...  
PAGE 24

During every gathering, Grace Kelly beamed and blessed us...  
PAGE 12

No matter how shocking the trial testimony, Charles Manson showed no...  
PAGE 20

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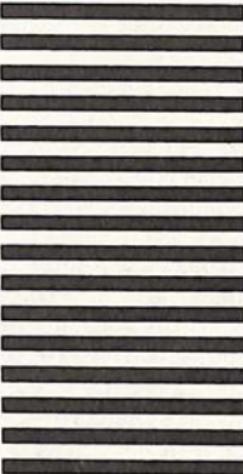
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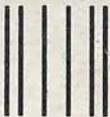
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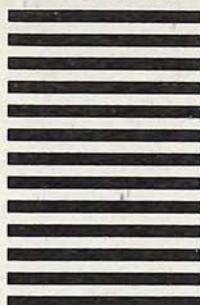


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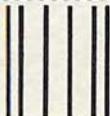
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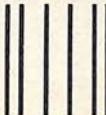
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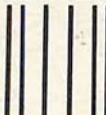
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